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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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Notes of the Week

You can take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink, and the 50 members of Parliament who have been induced to promise to stand for the National Government in the next general election, may find that the electors have other views.

The ambiguity of the unknown name "NATIONAL" being substituted for the old respected name "CONSERVATIVE" has from the first puzzled the minds of honest folks who much preferred being called "Conservatives"—a name they knew. They understood what it stood for—but the name "National" they did not know or understood. How should they?—when it was coined by the Prime Minister in order to deceive!

With Minds Made Up

With the best will in the world we find it difficult to congratulate either the Government or the House of Commons on the report of the Committee of Privileges. The charges made by Mr. Winston Churchill were not denied: they were excused, that is to say it was admitted that both Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby had been trying to influence the witnesses. The defence was that this influence was legitimate, and it was legitimate because the Joint Committee was not really, as we had previously been told, a judicial body; but that it was on the contrary so much a political body that the minds of many of its members had been made up before they joined it. They were chosen by Parliament—in the full light of the knowledge that many of them had already formed

opinions as to the proposals contained in the White Paper.

As the Committee had made up its mind there could be no harm in anything short of suborning the witnesses!

That is really what it amounts to, and it is not surprising that Mr. Winston Churchill had the best of the argument on Wednesday. For consider what it all implies. If the Joint Committee is not a judicial body, but had made up its mind before hearing the evidence, what becomes of the case that the White Paper has been *sub judice* all these months, and that anything in the way of criticism by Lord Lloyd, Mr. Churchill and their friends was something in the nature of contempt of court? Why did Lord Lloyd and Mr. Churchill decline, when they were invited, to serve on the Joint Committee? Obviously because they would have felt themselves disabled from influencing public opinion while serving upon it. But Sir Samuel Hoare, while professing in public to be bound by the same rule, in private did not scruple to bring pressure to bear upon public opinion in Lancashire, concentrated as it was in its Chamber of Commerce. And the Committee of Privileges upholds his action, the more (we had almost forgotten this precious *non sequitur*) as the attempt was not effectual.

Where Does the Process End?

Where does this process end? We had hesitated to believe the reports that the Government of India were bringing influence to bear on the Princes, and were holding back the evidence of the police. We now say that if what the Secretary did in regard to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is permitted, there is no longer any reason

why we should not believe these very circumstantial reports. The Government in fact have been exonerated in a manner which reduces the level not only of the Joint Committee, but of the Committee of Privileges and the Houses of Commons. When these things happen, and are defended, is it any wonder that contempt of Parliament is spread in the younger generation.

* *

A Letter

The *Morning Post* publishes the following letter from Lady Houston, D.B.E.:—

"As one often reads that in important cases, to be decided by a jury, the jury are warned they are not to listen to any coercion or persuasion from outside, and are even, in some cases, locked up to make this impossible, it therefore seems hardly right that advice or persuasion should be permitted in so important a case as that investigated by the Privileges Committee.

There is no doubt that persuasion or advice given to many people, by men in important positions such as the Earl of Derby and Sir Samuel Hoare, would most certainly induce them to go against and alter what was in the first place their firm conviction; and no one will consider it fair that this sort of thing be permitted, and it is very strange and not at all straightforward that the publication of the evidence should be refused.

It places Mr. Winston Churchill in a false position, from which he cannot extricate himself, when only one side of the question is allowed to be known."

* *

Sinister Back-stair Plot

It is rumoured that the White Paper Joint Committee are in such a muddle with the proposals they are going to attempt to foist upon the Country, that their Report is to be delayed until the end of October. If this is the case, we may expect a General Election as a result, in which the Government may attempt to snatch a snap victory.

Meantime, in India, it appears that the Indian Government are relaxing their policy against Congress, which means that the lives of British subjects will be at greater peril than they are even at this moment.

* *

Impossible Bargain

We are glad to see that at last one American Senator has had the decency to recognise the burden which England has imposed without a murmur on herself in her endeavour to meet the impossible bargain which she was foolish enough to be trapped into by Andrew Mellon, "Handy-Andy," as he is most truly called by his countrymen. Senator Glass has declared that the Americans ought to be ashamed of themselves if

they draw any more money from England for the Debt, and stated that if an American Senator had proposed that the American nation should impose on itself similar taxation, he would be lynched. Has the average American any idea that we are paying an income-tax of 25 per cent., with surtax upon all incomes of over £2,000 a year, making the owners of that now exiguous income liable to part with from 40 to 50 per cent. of their means of livelihood?

* *

A Lesson for the B.B.C.

It is reported by the Postmaster-General that in future the contribution of the B.B.C. to the State is to be halved. May we not therefore indulge the hope that the B.B.C. will take a lesson in modesty and propriety, and will cease the attempt at educating the English people. It is high time that the compound of those noisy American vulgarities, called vaudevilles, I don't know why, should cease tormenting the evenings of peaceful citizens. Do the authorities of the B.B.C. seriously imagine that they can teach the lower and middle classes what they call the foundations of music by giving them scraps of Beethoven and Bach? Even a worse crime than this is the audacity of putting up a few announcers amongst their friends to teach the English people how to pronounce their own language.

* *

Stephenson's Prophecy

What Stephenson predicted years ago has at last come true. The Government newspaper, or kept organ, has arrived. The *News Letter* is merely a record of the opinions of the Prime Minister, and as long as it is clearly recognised that it represents no one's opinion but that of Mr. MacDonald no harm can be done. We disagree with Mr. MacDonald that the National Government saved democracy from the tyranny of dictatorship: it was the good sense of the Country voting for Conservatism which Mr. MacDonald has prevented them ever getting, and we do not agree with him that the chief incendiaries should be rewarded by being promoted to the leading posts in the Salvage Corps. It is on the old theory of making a poacher the head keeper, which succeeds in one case out of ten, but in the other nine cases the risk is very great. We do not see, to quit metaphor, why Mr. MacDonald and Lord Snowden should be rewarded with the Premiership in one case, and a peerage in the second. It would have been enough, in our opinion, if they had been allowed to escape impeachment, instead of which Mr. MacDonald is the leader of the Tory Party, and Philip Snowden has become an hereditary legislator, with the power and opportunity of saying what he likes about everybody and everything. The reward is too great for the achievement.

Empire Air Mails

The call for fast and frequent air mail services between parts of the Empire, which has been put in a series of articles in the *Saturday Review* recently, has been taken up by the London Chamber of Commerce, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce and the Federation of British Industries. These organisations sent a Joint Deputation to the Postmaster General last week. It was introduced by Lord Leverhulme, President of the London Chamber, and it urged the need for greater speed in the transit of Empire air mails, for despatch of first class Empire mail by air and for increased frequency of service. Such actions should help to impress upon the government the urgency of the need for a really broad air transport policy. The country has been playing with toy air lines much too long. Express mails, carried in aeroplanes at least as fast as the American, flying both by night and day, are needed not only by the commercial community, but also by those with a full understanding of Empire defence strategy. It is impossible to emphasise too frequently that British Empire air mails move at an average air speed of 100 miles an hour while American air mails move at average air speeds of 150 to 180 m.p.h. and will shortly be moving at average air speeds of 200 m.p.h.

* *

Communications and Defence

A larger air force is only half the problem in achieving air parity; for that air force must be served by a sufficiently widespread ground organisation to enable it to make use of its strategical mobility. The demand for large numbers of new service aeroplanes must be accompanied by an equally emphatic demand for intensive commercial aviation development. Much fuller encouragement should be given to those courageous companies that have started internal air lines and above all things there should be instituted a comprehensive programme of research into civil aircraft and the associated problems of such things as controllable pitch airscrews and wing flaps. There is not the slightest doubt that, in commercial aviation, Great Britain, relative to the progress that is being made in certain other countries, is now almost standing still. The internal air lines are the only bright spot, and these are of small strategical significance compared with the Empire routes.

* *

Safety First

It seems to be universally the view of the practised observers of Geneva that the General Commission of the Disarmament Conference held on Monday, what was in all probability its last meeting for a long time to come. What a pity that they could not have said "its last meeting" without any qualification whatever, for there is no

life left in the poor old thing, but the diplomats, we suppose, could not bring themselves to the final parting. The one and only positive result of all the "huey" is that Mr. Henderson will continue to draw his handsome salary for a long time to come. Meanwhile, Committees have been appointed to deal with security and other questions, but is there the slightest chance of an agreed conclusion on any one of them?

Security first, or, as we would put it, Safety First, is the vital quest for Europe—quite literally, for her a matter of life or death; but the "regional security agreements," which one Committee is designed to facilitate, are already or soon will be in existence, Committee or no Committee, and the armed camps are once more the feature of the European scene.

* *

Safety Later?

The lady who represented England at Geneva, quite successfully conveyed the impression that Britain took mighty little interest in these regional security agreements. She said that the British delegation did not contemplate the possibility that any of these pacts would be such as could be adhered to by the United Kingdom. This drew from the French representative the acid remark that he knew our Government, and that no further contribution (that is, outside Locarno), was expected from it *at the present juncture (our italics)*. He was looking to the future, which is so highly problematical in almost every respect, and who can say how soon we may be faced with a very different situation?

"Splendid isolation" was once a sort of national slogan, and not without a certain proud justification. At least, we had an invincible Navy that did really rule the waves. And now, what have we? A defenceless England! According to a heavily "splashed" statement in the *Daily Telegraph* on Tuesday, the Government is about to provide for fifty new squadrons in the Air Force, to be completed within the next three to five years—Safety Later! Why not set to work right away? Why shilly-shally? NOW IS THE TIME! But have the wobble-wobblers got it in them?

* *

The Arch-Surrenderist

Lord Lloyd's second volume of "Egypt Since Cromer," shows very clearly how the scuttlers got to work. He tells us that when the Socialist Government came into office in 1929, Mr. Henderson was determined to surrender to the anti-British Wafd Party by the negotiation of a new Treaty of Independence, and for that reason determined to get rid of Lord Lloyd, so he wangled a case in the way beloved of certain politicians by inventing pretexts.

When matters came to a head it is interesting to recall that while Mr. Churchill defended him in the House of Commons, and Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. Sir Austen Chamberlain was not in his place to give the true account of what had happened. The loss of Egypt must be placed to the debit of Sir Austen Chamberlain, as much as to any man living, except, of course, Mr. Henderson. But naturally no one with a love of Empire would ever expect anything of that arch-Surrenderist. We have feet of clay in Egypt as we have feet of clay in India.

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Supping with the Devil

That any State should at this time of day pin its faith to Soviet Russia is indeed passing strange, for the horrible duplicity and shameless mendacity of its Government are open to all the world. In England we have the familiar case of the Lena goldfields and the action of our Government thereanent—or rather present inaction, as the matter is said to be “under consideration.” A solemn obligation of the Soviet Government, undertaken less than five months ago, concerning British claims arising from the Lena arbitral award has just been repudiated by the Soviet Embassy in London. That is the way in which the Soviet does business—we know it, and yet let ourselves be fooled!

Take high policy. Poland recently renewed her non-aggression pact with the Soviet. Czechoslovakia and Rumania, to be followed doubtless by their partner Yugoslavia, have given *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Union. We wrote last week of the approaching general assembly of the Third International—the Comintern—in Moscow, and now we read that by way of preparation for that world congress, the chief officials of the International have drawn up a programme of action which covers Poland, through the Ukraine, and Czechoslovakia! Who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon.

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Sedition

In the debates which have taken place in the House of Commons on what is compendiously called the Sedition Bill, it was admitted by the Government that it was aware of the seditious activities of the Communists on and in the Army. As a matter of fact, these have been known for a considerable length of time to many people who were greatly surprised that little or nothing was done about it, particularly as they realised that the Soviet propaganda was behind all that was going on. It is no use saying that the Soviet is not the same thing as the Third International—they are identical! The Government has promised to take action against these sedition-mongers—but then Ramsay MacDonald is at the head of it.

We should very much like to hear what he thinks about it.

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Hours of Marriage

It has been acknowledged in Convocation by the Archbishops that they have been dozing rather too soundly, for the Hours of Marriage Bill, a measure to extend the legal hour of marriage from three to six o'clock, crept through the House of Lords without the knowledge of their Graces! It would almost appear that the authorities of the Church were not consulted on the matter which must vitally concern every parish priest. By the Canons and Constitutions of 1603 it was only lawful for persons to be married between the hours of eight and twelve in the morning. Later, in 1888, Convocation arrived at an agreement with the State to alter the Canon and the Law and to extend the time to three o'clock in the afternoon. This has apparently worked very well for some years, but now a new generation is demanding a further extension to six in the evening.

There seems to be no ground for refusing such a demand, though it may fall heavily at certain seasons on the Clergy; but it is hardly creditable that a measure involving the alteration of Canon Law should have passed through the Houses of Parliament without the definite knowledge and consent of the two Archbishops and of Convocation. Doubtless His Majesty will be approached for his consent, however, for the needful alteration of the Canon Law.

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Too Old at Fifty

It is not until a sane body of unelected legislators get to work on a Bill like that for appointing the chairman and deputy-chairman of Middlesex Sessions that the footling nonsense of the cry of “too old at 50” is exposed. The Lord Chancellor is empowered to appoint the retiring ages of the chairman and deputy-chairman at 72 and 75 respectively, and grant them pensions, and pay the chairman a salary of £1,500 and the deputy-chairman a salary of £750. This strikes me as a very inadequate salary for two such important and onerous posts; but the point is that in the opinion of the Committee of the House of Lords “too old at 50” is branded as nonsense. It is only when a man has reached the age of 50, or thereabouts, that he begins to apply thought to the routine of his daily labour. What on earth do these reformers think a working man is going to do with his enforced leisure after fifty years? On an average he has twenty years of life before him. He has not learnt to read books when he was young. He cannot study the bi-nomial theory, or philosophise history like Professor Trevelyan or Mr. Churchill. He will swell the army of dole receivers and become a mere cinema haunter or bar loafer; of such stuff a revolutionary mob is made.

Where Are We?

By LADY HOUSTON, Patriot

This was a rhyme,
but now it is neither
rhyme nor reason.

[REDACTED]

* * *

A fact we have always known, and have told our readers week by week, is now made clear to the meanest intelligence.

THE SYMPATHIES OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT ARE WITH THE COMMUNISTS.

[REDACTED]
The National Government now show themselves in their true colours, BRIGHT RED. By behaving in this disgraceful manner they will only make more people join Sir Oswald Mosley.

The National Government have made every patriot in the country ashamed of them.

Mr. Ward Price, who watched the proceedings at Olympia, does not hesitate to tell us bluntly the truth of what happened, and he ends by saying that it was the Communists who attacked the Blackshirts, and not the Blackshirts who attacked the Communists, and the proof of this was found in the hospitals where several Blackshirts, who had been maltreated by the Communists, had been taken—BUT NO COMMUNISTS COULD BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE HOSPITALS, although there is a shriek and a yell in the Socialist and Communist newspapers against the brutality of the Blackshirts—which the National Government swallow and sympathise with without attempting to enquire into the truth of the matter.

There is an old saying the Conservatives would do well to remember—"YOU CANNOT TOUCH PITCH WITHOUT BEING DEFILED"—and only when Conservatives wash their hands clean from Socialism and Communism, and cease to PRETEND they are popular under the rule of a SOCIALIST LEADER, can Conservative Members of the House of Commons be respected by the Country. Let them boldly declare themselves true to the flag of their Fathers, their King and Country—and fling back in the faces of these Mis-Leaders the lies they are continually uttering.

They still have a little while longer the ball at their feet, and they have not the pluck, nor the grit, nor the courage to kick it.

For the only question now is:—

[REDACTED]

Tories as Communist Supporters

By KIM

THE attitude of a large section of the Press and certain Members of Parliament, who call themselves Conservatives, in abusing Sir Oswald Mosley and his Blackshirts as the result of the huge meeting he held at Olympia on Thursday of last week, is one of the most amazing revelations of sheer stupidity I have encountered for years. It means in fact that the Press (with one or two exceptions), and some Members of Parliament are so bitter against Mosley and the growing interest in his movement that they are ready to ally themselves with the most violent thugs among the Reds, and to descend to the most gross untruths in order to damage his cause. They are quite ready to support disorder and prevent freedom of speech, and in doing so are assisting the Fascist cause in a way they will deeply regret.

Symptoms of Disease

The meeting which Sir Oswald Mosley held at Olympia was of itself merely a symptom of the rottenness that has unhappily got a firm hold on our public life, but as symptoms indicate the disease, it is necessary that the facts should be pointed out.

Sir Oswald Mosley announced this Fascist Rally to take place at Olympia. It was entirely a ticket meeting and the seats, with few exceptions, were sold from prices ranging from 1s. to 10s. The audience paid to hear Sir Oswald Mosley and not to witness a succession of organised interruptions by men and women who immediately they were approached by the stewards, fought like wild beasts, certainly not under Queensbury rules. If, as was alleged by Sir Oswald Mosley, many of these Reds got in on forged tickets, or by tickets purchased for them by the I.L.P. and money from Moscow, with the deliberate purpose of breaking up the meeting, they only got what they deserved if some of them had rough handling.

The audience, apart from these Red hooligans, was perfectly composed, although later some among them became a little impatient and turned on the interrupters themselves before the Black-shirt stewards could get to them. It was a very good audience, a representative middle-class audience, the bulk of whom were evidently Conservatives, but who were drawn by curiosity or sympathy with Mosley's creed, to come and hear him speak. Posters round the vast hall proclaimed that "Fascism stands for King and Empire," and if Sir Oswald's ideas do not conform to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's and Mr. Baldwin's, as they certainly do not, how is it that the so-called Tory Press and *soi-disant* public men go out of their way to reveal a sinister sympathy with the avowed enemies of the Monarchy and the Empire? Such was the

audience who loudly applauded every time a nest of Bolsheviks was thrown out, and finally sang the National Anthem with fervency.

It was not as though the audience reached their seats with the ease to which ticket-holders at a meeting had a right to expect. Far from it. I do not know what the police were up to in not maintaining the right of way for the people who had a claim to enter the building. For some reason there was only one entrance, and there, when I arrived half-an-hour before the advertised time of the meeting, were only too evident signs of a "rough-house!" Large numbers of the types of men beaten up by the "Daily Worker" were standing about in groups in menacing attitude, and were in no way interfered with by the police. Parties marched up and down singing that dismal refrain, "The Internationale," or waving Red flags. Blackshirts were jeered at and threatened. Women, who were there in great numbers were intimidated and pushed about obviously to frighten them away. The police were then either in totally inadequate numbers or had no system, for their attitude towards the public with tickets was rude and harsh.

A Single Entrance

Only one gate was open to admit this vast throng apparently because the police thought the Reds might rush the entrance, but why did they not marshall the ticket-holders on the side-walk and clear the mob of riff-raff and hooligans away? It would have been easy to form a cordon and pass only those with tickets. As it was we all crawled along with long delays, and I for one, took nearly an hour to get inside. One incident I witnessed was a crowd of Reds, who marched down past the entrance, turned round, and with a Red banner, threw themselves at a number of Blackshirts standing peacefully outside the entrance, and hit at them savagely. It is my opinion that Scotland Yard, who had been warned by Sir Oswald Mosley himself, deliberately encouraged a breach of the peace by ineffective measures to cope with the Moscow mob. Whether it was due to sheer stupidity, or to fear of the Reds, or to instructions that things were not to be made too easy for a Fascist audience, it was at any rate a disgrace to the police force. Not until nine o'clock when the meeting was in progress, and the Reds became threatening, did they clear the streets, an hour too late. Yet from an early hour it was evident that the Reds, comprised largely of alien Jews, old lags, out-of-works, and bullies with the look of criminals, were there in force to create disorder.

And when we came away there were large numbers of these threatening bullies lurking in the adjoining streets. People in cars were attacked, stink-bombs were thrown and the air was

foul with the stench of chemicals. I cull this from *The Daily Telegraph* so as not to be guilty of exaggeration, as that journal is rabid anti-Mosley. I saw fights in many quarters, in every case the Reds dashing at isolated Blackshirts. Once again I ask, what were the police doing in not offering adequate protection?

Utter nonsense has been said and written about the Blackshirt brutality. One would imagine from the portentous drivell of those who have abused the stewards and called them every sort of name, that if any member of the audience interrupted he was set upon and savaged. I could not see every case of ejection from the first moment, of course, nor could anyone else, for they occurred with timed regularity about every two minutes. But I saw a good many around me, and with one exception (when a man in the audience fell on the heckler and knocked him down straight away on the principle doubtless of "get the blow in fust"), interruptors sat in groups and immediately the stewards came to them they hit out and kicked at them with savage fury. I can say that the Blackshirts kept their tempers perfectly and their usual methods of expulsion were to pick up their man and carry him out, to stop his kicking. The Blackshirts' girls did the same with some women and also used ju-jitsu effectually. Some idiot of a publicist complains that more than one Blackshirt set on to an interruptor? Does he think Mosley's meeting should have been a series of single combats?

Weapons or Fists?

If the Red hooligans had been unfairly treated in the opinion of a decent British audience, would they have loudly applauded each ejection? Mr. Gerald Barry, who stated that he was not a Blackshirt—no one who knows of him would ever accuse him of sympathy with the Fascist policy—told a piteous tale of the brutality of the stewards. He saw a man kicked and violently handled by eight or ten Blackshirts. He does not know if razor-blades or other weapons were carried. We do. The Fascists captured an assortment of highly dangerous weapons, including a stocking filled with broken glass. But to dispose of all the silly and one-sided statements as issued by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd (Mr. Baldwin's Parliamentary Private Secretary), Mr. Anstruther-Grey, Mr. Vyvyan Adams (all M.P.'s), the cold fact remains that at the first-aid posts, under the orders of a Harley Street surgeon, 120 people were hurt, of whom 90 were Blackshirts. Several Blackshirts were taken to hospital suffering from severe abdominal injuries, but not one single Communist. Several Reds have been sent to gaol for violence and threatening conduct, and not one single Blackshirt.

What have these M.P.'s got to say to this? Extraordinarily enough, as though by some concerted action, they nearly all agreed to seize on the pretence of brutality in the ejection of the Reds, as their line of action. None of them have dared to criticise what Sir Oswald Mosley had to say, or to comment in public on the enormous applause his pro-British views obtained. Perhaps he was too unkind to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose hypocrisy he showed up in scathing sentences, or

the ineffectualness of Mr. Baldwin, or the humbug and dishonesty of Party politics, to meet with their approval. I can understand that. But I cannot understand how these M.P.'s saw all these alleged awful acts of Blackshirt cruelty on the poor Red thugs, since they were there as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and they could not have seen more than I did. One well-known M.P. sat next to me, and so far he has made no comment, but I am waiting to see if he tries it on. I say unhesitatingly with Sir Oswald Mosley that these accusations are false, and the M.P.'s could only have seen the beginnings of scraps which happened near them in that vast auditorium. They could not see what was happening in the galleries at the back, when they were in the luxury seats at the front.

A Point of View

Perhaps a parson indiscreet as they sometimes are, more truthfully explains the real reason of all this intrigue. He said, "I came to the conclusion that Mosley was a political maniac and that all decent English people must combine to kill his movement." The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard should be ashamed of such an unchristian view. A "political maniac!" I am not a Member as yet of the British Fascists, but the ethics of Mr. Sheppard and the Geoffrey Lloyds, and Anstruther-Greys and their kidney are going to bring thousands of us into their fold. A "political maniac!" of a movement of splendid men and women, whose motto is "For King and Empire."

Well, Mosley can look after himself without my intervention. But on that night he was patient, calm and collected, despite much provocation. What he said was what millions of Britons want to hear said and acted upon. Whether the Tories like it or not, his movement is advancing by leaps and bounds at *their expense*. "The Daily Worker," which boasts of maiming and beating down Blackshirts at Hackney and elsewhere, says in a leading article:

"Fascism is advancing with the greatest rapidity in Great Britain. To shut our eyes to this is madness."

The Reds realise it very well and if the inane M.P.'s who think they can suppress the Mosley movement by forbidding the wearing of black shirts (as *The Sunday Express* suggests), or by prescribing Mosley meetings (as Mr. Anstruther-Grey wants), they will kill themselves. They have shown in this matter of Olympia how utterly out of touch they are with modernistic thought. If they are only able to offer the public the alternative of the suppression of free-speech, and the effort to persecute the Mosley movement, to the great pro-British policy of a strong and powerful Empire, run on pro-British lines, developing the Motherland and the Empire for the benefit of our own stock and not for the International financiers, they are signing their death-warrant as a political force. I have said before, and say again, that the present Conservative Party is wanting. It has become a sham and a hoax under its present leaders and much of its rank and file in Parliament. It had better set its house in order.

THE COME-BACK: By HAMADRYAD

Suggested by Viscount Snowden's article "I am Returning to Politics—" in the *Daily Mail*

Ferocious Phil, whom eminence affords
The rich seclusion of the House of Lords,
From that high perch is able to descry
Little to please, and much that hurts, his eye;
But though the scene (O tempora! O mores!)
Is strewn with tariffs and suffused with Tories,
While in the seat once occupied by Phil,
Obnoxious Neville guards the nation's till,
Nothing so loathsome meets Lord Snowden's gaze
As Ramsay Mac., his friend of other days.
MacDonald Premier! 'Tis enough, I think,
To drive an honest Yorkshireman to drink,

To see yon vain and incoherent Scot
Flaunting it as the Government's Big Shot,
The man who dared, when Britain called, to take on
The handsome job of saving Britain's bacon.
Ramsay Prime Minister! That surely ought
To make the angels weep, but oh, the thought
That makes poor Philip shriek and paw the air,
Is that 'twas he who put the fellow there.

Alas, poor Philip! From those lordly veins
The fire has fled; the acid still remains,
And he who in old days was deemed to be
The inspiration of the I.L.P.
The hope of every foreigner who played
The easy game of stealing England's trade,
Now vents on Ramsay his splenetic rage,
Shaking, like Tarquin, more with hate than age.

So he will stage a come-back? So he may,
For Cobdenism's in a parlous way,
And badly needs his vitriolic screams
To trounce the Tory tariff-mongers' schemes,
And reinforced by Phil's corrosive quips,
Labour can hope to put a crimp in Cripps.
But how? Will Philip ply the slumbrous ears
Of his polite but unresponsive Peers
With Objurgation's hate-venomed hail
(For samples, vide Monday's *Daily Mail*),
Or sallying forth to battle, will he pump
His round shot into Ramsay from the stump?

Alas, poor Philip? Is he not aware
That every blow he aims must land on air,
That baiting Ramsay is, to say the least,
Flogging a jackass that is quite deceased,
That Sticktight Stanley and Surrendering Simon,
Despite the footling ends they waste their time on,
And all the mess the Government has made,
Aren't half as dead as Philip and Free Trade.

Eve in Paris

BROTHERLY love continues amongst the Socialists; after fierce disputes at Toulouse they met for the annual commemoration of the Commune, at Père la Chaise Cemetery. In long procession they marched, with Neo-Socialists, Communists (most numerous) under red banners showing the sickle, hammer and star of Moscow; anarchists in velvet jackets, smoking pipes and waving black flags, pacifists; labourites; infants of the Falcon Rouge, whose juvenility shocked even the Socialist Mayeras. "Soon," he exclaimed, "they will be enlisted in swaddling-clothes." Of course, each section wanted to come first, the hindermost complaining bitterly that the foremost loitered designedly to annoy. Reaching their destination, that "Mur Sacré" where the Communists of 1871 made a last stand against Government troops, each marcher gave the new Socialist salute (an ungraceful variant of the Roman), arm raised, elbow crooked, fist clenched. The biggest commemoration since 1880. Beyond yells of "A Bas Décrets Lois, Fascisme, Guerre," there was no disorder. The authorities had taken precautions and the crowds were over-awed. Hot, hoarse, and tired, they dispersed at the Cemetery gates, to seek liquid refreshment, and abuse the Bourgeoisie.

Madame Bacquet's reception in honour of the 92nd birthday of her father, Admiral Fournier was crowded. Fifty years ago this grand old man negotiated the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, which gave France Annam and Tonkin, rich in minerals, agriculturally productive. At present, in the Crise du Blé, French growers denounce the huge imports from Asiatic Colonies as criminal. Agricultural Chambers, voicing the anxiety amongst peasants at low prices of products, declare "For the first time they doubt of their Country." Monsieur Doumergue has spoken of the farmer's critical state in his home-lands. May the Sage of Tournefeuille find a solution of these problems. His heart is with the Paysan, and the Petite Epargne, on whose prosperity depends the welfare of France.

The Hebrew Repertory at the Ambigu has been a revelation. The stage craft is admirable, the acting superb. Zehoval, in the name-part of Jérémie shows extraordinary power, notably when, ragged and terrible, he appears before the Temple, where crowds demand alliance of Judah and Egypt, against Babel and Nebuchadnezzar, and predicts the fall of Jerusalem, should war be declared. Imprisoned, his wails reach the King's palace, where Zedekija listens, lamenting when the prophets' words come true, and, Egypt betraying her ally, Jerusalem is besieged. Barban is wonderfully pathetic as the young monarch, a sad-eyed boy, his pale face framed in blue hair, and thin beard, crushed by royal accoutrements. Zedekija sends for the seer, who gives no comfort. The final scene shows the blinded king being led into captivity, whilst Jérémie, weeping, embraces him

and prays "Lord save Thy Temple, and build again Jerusalem."

French fashion, to-day, clothes the female form with strange fabrics. Cloth of nettles, harsh and durable, woven straw, and silk of wood, cheaper than silk-worm's webs. Cellophane embroideries and rubber flowers are the rage. Fur-bearing animals are being acclimatised. Revillon, the great furrier, has a farm near Paris where he breeds Astrachan sheep, the skin of whose still-born lambs become the exquisite and costly Breitschwanz, and, in pure white, forms a traditional Papal garment. This may prove an important industry.

An American Film Magnate was recently arranging a Production in Paris. "If we could have had Marivaux," said the secretary, referring to a theatre bearing the famous dramatist's name, which has given to the language the verb "Marivauder." "Why not," cried the magnate, "Send for him immediately." The secretary gasped. "Better still, ring him up." "Where?" exclaimed the wretched subordinate, "He died centuries ago!"

"I'd love to be that Monkey on a Tree,
For Politics don't worry him, like me."

A sentiment, similar to that of the poet, may have been in the mind of harassed Ministers, gazing at monkey-gambols, in the newly-opened Vincennes Zoo. The animals are happy, fed abundantly, provided with bathsand heating, without cares of state! Monsieur Lebrun, escorted by officials, professors, directors of French and foreign Zoos, inaugurated the Zoological Park, where 800 furred and 2,000 feathered guests enjoy the Republic's hospitality. Hagenbeck, relative of the animal lover, who originated modern ménageries, where wild creatures roam (apparently) free, had come from Germany, and conversed with the President, both laughing when a camel upset a photographer, filming in a tree. But M. Lebrun was soon hurried off to perform other duties. He remarked, after congratulating Professor Urbain, Director of the Zoo, "I shall come again soon with Pou-Pou." Pou-Pou and her grandmother, Madame Lebrun had accompanied the President. They wisely kept clear of the official cortège, and explored for themselves.

Paris is criticising, unfavourably, the excessive make-up of fashionable women. Hermand, the academicien, lately asked a friend, back from Italy, what had impressed him most in that Country. "The charm of women's natural complexions" replied the traveller. Amongst the younger set, "sportives" especially, cosmetics are less obviously used. Faces, exposed to searching sunlight, look best, unrouged, and discreetly powdered.

The League Against Imperialism

By Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THE League Against Imperialism, a body which has its headquarters at 53 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, has perfected the art of writing nonsense.

Into one leaflet, which lies before me as I write, it has crammed more mis-statements, disconnected facts, and sheer balderdash than one would have believed possible. Addressed to the working man, and proudly announcing that its printers are "T.U. throughout," the leaflet instructs the reader on the British Empire, and then points the way to a new heaven and a new earth.

It is indeed difficult to believe at first that the writer of the pamphlet is not intending to be humorous, for the opening paragraph reads, "The British Empire covers over one quarter of the earth's surface, and the majority of its vast population of 470,000,000 is held down by brutal oppression, which surpasses the savage terror of the open Fascist Governments of Hitler and Mussolini."

"Ruthless Campaign"

In support of this contention, the writer continues, "In India the majority of the 350 million people live on the verge of death by starvation. The wages paid are among the lowest and the hours of labour the longest in the world. The general low state of cultural development of these ancient peoples can be gathered by the startling disclosures contained in the last census report, to the effect that 320 million people can neither read nor write. In its endeavours to maintain its hold on this tremendously rich continent, the armed forces of the Empire have committed brutalities almost unparalleled in the history of mankind, such as the blowing of human beings from the mouth of a cannon."

But India is by no means the worst sufferer! In Africa, we learn, "The British conduct a most ruthless campaign of exploitation of the African people, accompanied by a system of open dictatorship, floggings, forced labour, Sedition Laws, Pass Laws, Master and Servant Acts, Hut Tax, and a policy of depriving the black people of their land. The general poverty existing among the black population caused by the policy of Empire maintenance can be seen in the appalling rate of the infant mortality, which is among the highest in the world. In Johannesburg, in 1928, it reached the amazing figure of 891 per 1,000 births."

In similar "penny dreadful" fashion, the reader is conducted through a review of the Empire, culminating in the amazing statement that, "In the struggle to maintain the Dominions, India, and the Crown Colonies, Great Britain is spending more millions each year on the armed forces."

But the lurid is quickly transformed to the

ludicrous when we read of "the press, pulpit, the B.B.C., and all the propaganda agents of Imperialism." The naming of the pulpit and the B.B.C. as the "agents of Imperialism" rather suggests that this League Against Imperialism does not even know its own friends. Its knowledge of political geography is equally shaky, and it evidently accepts the statement I once heard that, "China is a Colony of England."

Message to the Worker

At least it continues, "If India and China were allowed to develop their own huge natural resources to a similar extent as (sic) the Soviet Union" the markets of the world would greatly increase. And, it asks fiercely, "Who limit the markets? Who restrict production? The Imperialist governments." Thus it reaches its root message to the worker, "Once the peoples of the colonies were freed from imperialist robbery, once they got rid of the reactionary landlords they would have at their disposal the means for buying much more goods than they do at present." Therefore, says the League Against Imperialism, in block capitals,

"Down with Empire and Imperialism!

Demand the withdrawal of the British Armed forces from the Empire!

Demand the complete liberation of all colonial peoples!"

* * *

This pamphlet, and many similar efforts of kindred bodies, is at present being distributed about the country, particularly in the industrial areas, and the time for complacently ignoring such work has long gone by—if, indeed, it ever justly existed. In spite of the general and pathetic belief in the efficacy of elementary education, there are many thousands of people in England who cannot immediately contradict and expose such drivel, and it is to them, *and to them only*, that it is silently but insistently directed. And each of them has a vote.

It is the duty of all patriotic associations to ferret out and to expose such leagues and societies, and to challenge them publicly, for the policy of ignoring them is based on a false estimate, and the antecedents of many would, doubtless, be of interest. But it is the height of our folly that we have waited for such attacks to be made. The brilliant truth concerning the British Empire should have been proclaimed from every street corner, leaving no dark, convenient places for Leagues Against Imperialism to use, and had the Conservative Party expended on this work the money it has so lavishly wasted in other directions, the cause of Imperialism would not be in its present plight.

A Modest Programme

What Congress Bolsheviks Want To Do

By HAMISH BLAIR

THE timid attitude of the various Governments in India is encouraging all the cranks and revolutionists in the country to hold conferences and launch programmes for the abolition of everything and everybody. The latest effort in this direction is "The First All-India Conference of Congress Socialists," which has just been held at Patna. It was attended by about 100 people, but these made up for the smallness of their number by the largeness of their ideas. They passed a "mandate" to the Congress calling, among other things, for the following modest changes:

1. The transfer of all powers to the producing masses.
2. The development of the economic life of the country to be planned and controlled by the State.
3. The Socialization of the key and principal industries.
4. A State monopoly of foreign trade.
5. THE ELIMINATION OF THE PRINCES AND LANDLORDS, AND "ALL OTHER CLASSES OF EXPLOITERS."

There are a good many other proposals—in fact the Indian Congress Socialists are prepared to go the whole Bolshevik hog—but the above will serve to show that this select group of one hundred politicians has very decided ideas as to what is best for the 350 millions who make up the vast mosaic of India's populations.

Fatuous Policy

It sounds funny, and it is funny; but, owing again to the fatuous policy which is being pursued by those in authority these wild proposals may have very considerable repercussions upon practical politics. For the group responsible for them represents the left wing of the Congress party—not the extreme Left; that consists of Terrorists—and thanks to the anxiety of the Government to curry favour with the Congress that body will occupy a commanding position in the various legislatures the moment it condescends to drop civil disobedience and return to ordinary political life. In fact the Congress will sweep the board; and then we shall have a foretaste of everything that its malignant ingenuity can devise to hamper the Government, foment unrest, injure British interests and generally to play Old Henry with the Empire.

Now, the Socialist group, which will be led by Jawaharlal Nehru when he comes out of prison, constitutes, as has been said, the left wing of the Congress party; and, fantastic as is the programme which it has just outlined at Patna, the fact remains that the left wing always has swayed the Congress. It is therefore more than possible

that before we are many months older the Congress may have been compelled to swallow the Socialists and their programme. And when we remember that the Congress is going to have a very big say in Indian politics, unless the Government shows greater firmness than it has hitherto done, it is quite on the cards that the Bolsheviks of Patna may shortly be the official Opposition at Delhi.

Where the Danger Lies

Of course no one believes they will ever be permitted to carry out their crazy programme, and in that comfortable persuasion the Government may be depended on to give them the utmost possible rope. That is where the danger lies. For these impossible people have rather a way of persisting until they bring things to pass. If and when they become once more the dominating factor in Indian politics, what is there to prevent them from intriguing with Russia, which is pouring money steadily into India, and will redouble its efforts as the policy of surrender draws to its climax? If it is difficult now to check this insidious penetration, what will it be like when Congress possesses the inner lines and is more or less in control of the entire machinery of Government? And, when the pass has once been sold, what will it cost to regain possession of it?

It will be interesting to watch the effect of the Patna manifesto upon the Princes and Federation. Human nature being what it is, the Princes can hardly welcome the prospect of "elimination"; but that is the mildest fate to which they can look forward in the highly probable event of a Congress Socialist capture of the Federal Government. The common or garden landlords, or zemindars are in the same box, poor devils, with the added drawback that they do not enjoy the freedom of choice which still belongs to the Princes. *Their* number is most assuredly up should the White Paper go through.

The Princes, however, are still nominally free to back out of Federation if they choose. There can be no question which course they would prefer, in view of the possibility that the future Federation may be dominated by Bolsheviks, both inside and outside of India, who are bent on their destruction. But will they be permitted to exercise their right to choose? Not so long as they remain under the thumb of the Indian Government which in its turn takes its orders from Ramsay MacDonald. Still less so should the present "National" Government be succeeded by a Labour Dictatorship.

With a little timely firmness it would be absurdly easy to crush the Congress and the nests of vipers, Communistic, Terroristic and the rest, to which it has given rise.

India, 20th May, 1934.

Fiasco or "Facade" ?

By Robert Machray

ALTHOUGH the Disarmament Conference is dead, those who have the poor corpse in their keeping have agreed on a "Compromise," which will give it the appearance of being alive for an indefinite and, it may be feared, an unconscionable length of time. The augurs at Geneva, after exchanging bouquets among themselves, have concurred in postponing the obsequies. But they can scarcely be under the illusion that they have succeeded in deceiving anybody, unless he wishes to be deceived, respecting the real situation, which is quite accurately described by the one word **FIASCO** !

As usual, it is instructive, if not exactly exhilarating, to note what the papers which support the Government through thick and thin (and there has been and is plenty of both) have to say about the position. What, fiasco? Not at all; how perfectly ridiculous! In fact, they all exhibit, like little children, the same incredible hopefulness in the impossible—which is summed up in the heading, "A Further Chance," above a leading article in the chief of them.

Sense of Actuality

Chance of what? Disarmament? Of that there is not a hope, for the Conference, as every well-informed person knows, and as even the man in the street, if he is interested at all, must guess, ceased to be a conference on disarmament long ago. A just sense of actuality is seen in the remark, reported by the Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, of the leader of a "very important delegation" that "We have merely saved the facade!" A **FACADE**—a sham, and merely saved at that!

In a speech delivered on Saturday last Mr. Anthony Eden, the Lord Privy Seal, was compelled, after his return from Geneva, to admit it was possible to exaggerate the significance of the agreement, the issue of the compromise, because the truth was that it covered only the immediate future of the Conference. He went on to say "We have in no sense solved the main difficulties of the European situation—these consist in the present relations of the chief Powers of Europe, and unless they can be improved, there will be no disarmament agreement."

Is there any sign of that improvement? Our Government and also that of France desire the return of Germany to the Conference, and there are hints and even reports at Geneva that Germany wishes to return. But official Germany continues to flout and jeer at the Conference, and proclaims, as insolently as when she last left it, that she will have none of it. Possibly the meeting that has been arranged between Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler may bring about a change in the latter's attitude, but if it does, we may be sure it will be at a price—the legitimisation of full Ger-

man rearmament, about which France will have something very definite to say.

Not that France doubts in the least that Germany has rearmed. Marshal Pétain, her War Minister, said a few days ago to the Military Committee of the Chamber of Deputies that Germany had already attained the military strength she possessed in 1914. He declared that besides the Reichswehr and the police she had half a million men trained for an intensive campaign, and that she would be able within a few weeks to mobilise nearly three million trained men. France knows, but she is determined not to legalise any alleged stage in German rearmament, because she is well aware there would be no reality about the stage—to say nothing of the breaches of the Versailles Treaty Germany has committed.

It would suit Germany uncommonly well if a real opposition should develop between England and France, and it is perfectly certain that this is the main object of her political strategy and tactics. She is ceaselessly playing for it in all manner of ways. For instance, it is being said in Nazi circles in London and, of course, discreetly passed on, that there exists a secret understanding between England and Germany as against France. It is, one hardly need say, absolutely, ludicrously untrue, but it is the kind of story that is circulated with the deliberate intention of making bad blood between us and the French—in the interest solely of Germany.

Grouping of the Powers

France is much too intelligent to wish to break with England, but she feels that as things are—in plain terms, with the Disarmament Conference a fiasco and, despite that fact, England still practically defenceless, and cursed with a Government of endless shilly-shally—she must look to herself. That, too, is the attitude of her Allies and indeed of all those who see in Germany a potential and an extremely formidable enemy, against whom the utmost precautions are necessary and unremitting vigilance must be exercised. Both they and France are unchangeably resolved on security.

This is why certain Powers are now publicly grouping themselves together, and negotiations have been opened at Geneva—they have been pursued for some time elsewhere—for a big, comprehensive Pact of Security, which will unquestionably not be based on disarmament, but on the certainty of sheer capacity for meeting and overcoming hostile armaments. If this means in practice the encirclement of Germany, it has to be clearly stated that Germany has brought it on herself. The States thus grouped may have representatives on the committees set up at Geneva for investigating the problem of security and other things, but they will persist none the less in looking to themselves—and they are thoroughly and entirely right.

Our Dull Dogs

By A.A.B.

HISTORY does not repeat itself, whatever the historians may say, because the circumstances do not repeat themselves exactly, although they do approximately. But I do say that the Disarmament Conference has cost a most disproportionate amount of time and above all, immense sums of money and words. Mr. Henderson must not, therefore, resent the whispers which are rapidly growing louder to the effect that he is not disinclined to stretch out the futile discussions.

He has an interesting position both at home and abroad, and presumably a correspondingly handsome salary. He would be more or less than human if he desired to close the show before such time as it had declared itself to be beyond the hope of success. With all due deference to all these high personages who are concerned, everyone was amused at the wordy duel between M. Barthou and Mr. Anthony Eden.

The French statesman is quite clear in his mind as to what he wants; Mr. Anthony Eden, who has just been made, undeservedly, a Privy Councillor, is pleased with his own *very* unconvincing fluency, and has probably never heard Disraeli's dictum, that no man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.

I have read some excellent arguments that tend to keep alive the uneasiness of the world about war. The heads of the Government in 1914 declared that the relations between Germany and England were never better, and yet we know that even as the orators spoke, they knew quite well that the soldiers were sharpening their swords, and the Stockbrokers were selling huge blocks of stocks. There is, therefore, **NO DOUBT THAT THERE IS DANGER IN DELAY.**

We refuse to be absolutely reassured by the airy speeches of Mr. Baldwin, who keeps on telling us that we are already making preparations for national defence in the air, and that England is

going to abide by her word. If this is so, what, I venture to ask, was, and is the meaning of the Locarno Treaty? By that document, which was hailed as the last word in diplomacy, England pledged herself to defend Germany against France, and France against Germany.

Are we going to be bound by that pledge or are we not? If we are not, let us say so, and bring in an amending treaty, which will make Locarno a pledge binding on both parties, instead of a unilateral promise to fight our friends' battles. In the meantime, on every platform and at every by-election, Locarno is openly repudiated.

IT IS THE PREVALENCE OF THIS INSINCERITY IN POLITICS WHICH DISGUSTS THE ORDINARY MAN—and makes him regard the representatives of different nations in the same light that he regards counsel in a contested case in the Law Courts. The people who are to blame for this state of things are our own Government, whose heads are buried in the sands of Russia, while they are valiantly waving their tails. It has been a secret open to everybody, that ever since the Treaty of Versailles that the Germans, even with money borrowed from England, have been secretly rearming themselves.

The French, who have been perfectly aware of this, have never concealed their uneasiness, and have no doubt been secretly urging our own ministers to face the events. But the National Government dwells in an unintellectual fog.

It was said of the first Lord Shaftesbury, that his greatness consisted in his knowledge of England. He knew his own country, and what they wanted and what they were thinking. Of what existing politician to-day can it be affirmed that he knows England or makes the least effort to carry out what England requires and **WHAT THEY VOTED FOR IN THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION—**

A TRUE CONSERVATIVE Policy.

A Poor Man's Cry

A Sermon

Delivered on Lord's-Day Morning, March 8th, 1891

By C. H. Spurgeon

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." — Psalm xxxiv. 6.

ON this occasion I want to speak of what happens to those who return to God; because many have newly been brought, through mighty grace. Some of them I have seen; and I

have rejoiced over them with exceeding great joy. They tell me that they did distinctly lay hold on eternal life last Sabbath day; and they are clear about what it means. They came out of darkness into His marvellous light; they knew it, and could not resist the impulse at once to tell those with whom they sat in the pews, that God had brought them up out of the horrible pit, and had set their

feet upon the rock of salvation. For this joyful reason, I think we will go a step further, and talk of the happiness of those who have come back to their Father, have confessed sin, have accepted the great sacrifice, and have found peace with God.

Birds of a Feather

It is my heart's desire that those sheep who have come into the fold may be the means of inducing others to enter. You know how one sheep leads another; and perhaps when some come to Christ, many others will follow. When one of our professional beggars knocks at a door, and gets well received, he is very apt to send another. I have heard that vagrants make certain marks near the door by way of telling others of the confraternity which are good houses to call at. If you want many beggars at your house, feed one and another of them well, and birds of the same feather will flock to you. Perhaps while I am telling how Christ has received poor needy ones, others may pluck up courage and say, "We will go also." If they try it they may be sure of receiving the same generous welcome as others have done; for our Lord keeps open house for coming sinners. He has distinctly said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." That does not refer merely to those who have come, but to those who are coming; and to you, dear hearers, who will come at this hour. Jesus bids every hungry and thirsty soul come to him at once, and be satisfied from his fulness. Our text tells how they have sped who have cried to God. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." We shall learn from the text much about prayer.

Evidently it is a dealing with the Lord. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." He cried to the Lord that the Lord might hear him. His prayer was not intended for men, nor was it mainly meant to be a relief to his own mind; it was intended for the ear of God, and it went where it was intended to go. The arrow of desire was shot towards heaven. It reached the mark it was designed to reach. This poor man cried to the Lord; and the Lord is the right person to whom to appeal in prayer.

Prayer is dealing with God. The best prayer is that which comes to closest grips with the God of mercy. Prayer is to ask of God, as a child asks of its father, or as a friend makes request to his friend: O my hearer, thou hast forgotten God; thou hast lived without speaking to him: this has been the case for years. Is not this a wrong state of things? Thou art now in need: come and spread thy case before thy God; ask him to help thee. Thou needest to be saved; beg of him to save thee. Let thy prayer reach from thine heart to the throne of God: else, however long it may be, it will not reach far enough to bless thee.

From this psalm we learn that *prayer takes various shapes*. Notice, in the fourth verse, David writes, "I sought the Lord and he heard me." Seeking is prayer. When you cannot get to God when you feel as if you had lost sight of him, and could not find him, your seeking is prayer. "I sought the Lord, and he heard me"; he heard

me seeking him; heard me feeling after him in the dark; heard me running up and down if haply I might find him. To search after the Lord is prayer such as God hears. If your prayer is no better than a seeking after one you cannot as yet find, the Lord will hear it. In the next verse David puts it, "They looked unto him." Then a looking unto God is a prayer. Often the very best prayer is a look towards God—a look which says, "Lord, I believe thee: I trust thee; be pleased to show thyself to me." If there is "life in a look," then there is the breath of life in a look, and prayer is that breath. If you cannot find words, it is oftentimes a very blessed thing to sit still, and look towards the hills whence cometh our help. I sometimes feel that I cannot express my desires; and at other seasons I do not know my own desires, except that I long for God; in such a case I sit still and look up. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." A look is a choice prayer, if it is the look of a tearful eye towards a bleeding Saviour. . . .

The Language of Pain

But frequently, according to our text, *prayer is best described as a cry*. What means this? "This poor man cried." This poor man did not make a grand oration; he took to crying. He was short: it was only a cry. In great pain a man will cry out; he cannot help it even if he would. A cry is short, but it is not sweet. It is intense, and painful, and it cannot be silenced. We cry because we must cry. This poor man cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is not a long collect, but it collects a great deal of meaning into a few words. That was a short cry, "Lord, save, or I perish"; and that other, "Lord, help me." "Save, Lord," is a notable cry, and so is "Lord, remember me." Many prevailing prayers are like cries because they are brief, sharp, and uncontrollable. A cry is not only brief, but bitter. A cry is a sorrowful thing; it is the language of pain. It would be hard for me to stand here and imitate a cry. No; a cry is not artificial, but a *natural* production; it is not from the lips, but from the soul, that a man cries.

But now note, further, concerning the nature and excellence of prayer, *that prayer is heard in heaven*. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." He was all alone, so that nobody else heard him; but the Lord heard him: yes, the Lord, even Jehovah of hosts, the All-glorious, bowed his ear to him. In God's ear the songs of angels are continually resounding; yea, he heareth all the voices of all the creatures he has made: yet he stooped from his eternal glory, and gave attention to the poor man's cry. Never imagine that a praying heart ever pleads to a deaf God; or that God is so far removed from men that he takes no note of their desires. God does hear prayer; he does grant the desires and requests of lowly men. I do not think that we shall ever pray in downright earnest unless we believe that God hears. I have been told that prayer is an excellent devotional exercise, highly satisfying and useful, but that there its result ends; for we cannot imagine that the Infinite Mind can be moved by

the cries of men. Do not believe so gross a falsehood, or you will soon cease to pray. No man will pray for the mere love of the act, when he has arrived at the opinion that there is no good in it so far as God is concerned. Brethren, amidst all the innumerable goings forth of divine power the Lord never ceases to listen to the cries of those who seek His face.

Proofs Positive

Many of us know that the Lord has heard us. Doubt about this matter has long been buried under a pyramid of evidence. We have often come from the throne of grace as sure that God had heard us as we were sure that we had prayed; in fact, our doubts all lie round our own praying, and do not touch our assurance that God hears true prayer. The abounding answers to our supplications have been proofs positive that prayer climbs above the region of earth and time, and touches God and his infinity. Yes, it is still the case that the Lord harkens to the voice of a man. It is still Jehovah's special title—the God that heareth prayer. The Lord will hear your prayer, my hearer, even if you cannot put it into words: he has an ear for thoughts, and sighs, and longings. A wordless prayer is not silent to him. God reads the intents of the heart, and cares more for these than for the syllables of the lips. This poor man could not speak: his heart was so full that he could only cry; but Jehovah heard him . . .

Let us move on, and note, secondly, that our text leads us to think upon The Richness and Freeness of Divine Grace. Great grace is revealed in this statement—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

You will see the richness and the freeness of grace, when you consider *the character of the man who prayed*: "this poor man cried." Who was he? He was a *poor man*; how terribly poor I cannot tell you. There are plenty of poor men about. If you advertised for a poor man in London, you might soon find more than you could count in twelve months: the supply is unlimited, although the distinction is by no means highly coveted. No man chooses to be poor . . .

This poor man was also a *troubled man*, for the text speaks of "all his troubles"—a great "all," I warrant you. He did not know what to do; he could not see his way in his blizzard of trials; he was surrounded with difficulties, as with an iron net, and he could not hope for a deliverer. He was a troubled man, and because he was a troubled man he cried. People wondered what he cried about, but they would not have done so had they known his inward griefs. His old companions thought he had gone out of his mind: they said religion had turned his brain, and they kept out of his way. This poor man cried, and no man noticed him because he was so poor and so wretched; but "the Lord heard him."

This poor man was a *mournful man*: a man altogether broken down, a man who could not hold his head up; he blushed and was ashamed, both before God and man. All he did, when alone,

was to cry; and if one watched him closely in company, the tears might be seen forcing their way from his heart through the eye, and down the cheek.

A Changed Man

I feel sure, also, that "this poor man" was a *strange fellow*. What did he want with crying when others were laughing? It is not a pleasant nor a usual sight to see strong men weep. Some men weep because they are very tender-hearted; but many others do so, I am persuaded, because they have been given to drink. This man was given to inward crying: he cried day and night unto the Lord because of a secret wound which never ceased to bleed. People could not make him out, and they came to despise him, or at least to be shy of him: but "the Lord heard him."

He was also a *changed man*. Why, he used to come in of an evening, and to be a thoroughly jolly companion; but now he looks as miserable as an owl, and nobody desires his company, he is such a kill-joy. "Poor miserable creature!" people say. Even his wife sighs and says, "What has become of my poor dear husband?" He was a poor man, and as sad and singular as he was poor. He sought out secret places, and there he sighed and cried before the Lord.

But yet he was a *hopeful man*. There must have been some hope in him, though he could not perceive it; for people do not cry for help unless they have some hope that they will be heard. Despair is dumb: where there is a cry of prayer there is a crumb of hope. A cry is a signal of distress, and people will not hoist a rag on a pole unless they have a little hope that a passing vessel may spy it out, and come to their rescue. There is not only hope *for* a man, but hope *in* a man as long as he can pray; ay, as long as he can cry. If you do but long, and look, and seek, and sigh after God, you are one of those poor men whom I have tried to describe, and good will come to you. I can see that poor man now. I used to know him, for he was born in my native town, and he went to the school where I was a scholar. He was hardly a man, but only a youth; and then I used to sleep with him, or rather to lie awake at nights with him, and hear him groan. He has prayed in my hearing many a time, and very poor praying it was; but he meant what he said. I have been with him in the fields, and he used to tell me that he was such a vile creature that he feared that he must be cast into hell for ever; he was afraid that he was not one of the chosen and redeemed people of God, and that he should never be able to believe in Jesus. I knew him when he gave himself up for lost. I know him now. I see him whenever I used the looking-glass, and I must say on his behalf this morning—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Oh, the freeness and the richness of grace, that God should hear nobodies, that God should look upon those who are less than the least of all saints, and the very chief of sinners!

The Great Lord Protector

By Clive Rattigan

OLIVER CROMWELL was in a sense a 17th century Hitler-Mussolini, rolled into one—the first exponent since classical times of a practical, all-absorbing dictatorship.

And, like both Mussolini and Hitler, he found justification for his ruthless autocracy in the conditions he had to combat and the results he was able to show.

When Cromwell took command of the government in England, he found this country carrying on desultory wars with Portugal and Holland and in open hostility with France and Denmark. The nation was fast sinking beneath the burden of excessive taxation and the cessation of trade.

His first acts were to bring the wars with Holland and Portugal to a termination, and to enter into commercial treaties with Sweden and Denmark.

Under all these arrangements considerable advantages were secured for English trade and shipping. Then, having greatly strengthened England's position, he gradually proceeded to make her a force in Europe.

The despatch of a powerful fleet under Blake to the Mediterranean made both the English flag respected along the whole littoral of that sea and English trade in that area secure.

Incidentally, Cromwell was the founder of Britain's sea supremacy as well as of the Regular Army of to-day.

War with Spain

Cromwell next turned his attention to Spain, Elizabeth's old enemy, who still blocked England's commercial and maritime progress, English traders in the American seas and English colonists in the West Indies being continually victims of Spain's treacherous hostility.

At first he resorted to the old Elizabethan plan of trying to confine war with the Spaniards to the New World, but this plan proving impossible, he entered into active alliance with France. The results were a series of defeats for Spain, both in the Old World and the New, Blake destroying the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz, Jamaica being seized and successfully held against Spanish attacks and Dunkirk falling into the Allies' hands.

Cromwell never succeeded in forming the League of Protestant Powers, which it was his ambition to bring into being, for the simple reason that the era of religious wars was over and material rather than religious considerations shaped the mutual relations of European nations and peoples.

His efforts, too, on behalf of the Vaudois—the poor people of the Piedmontese valleys whose misfortunes, he declared, lay as near to his heart as if they had concerned the dearest relations he had in the world—failed for the same reason, the Protestant cantons of Switzerland being too

cautious to accept his overtures for combined action and declining to attack Savoy.

But the energy of his government, the presence of his Ironsides behind his back, his strong fleet and the enterprise which he encouraged his own nation to exhibit, gave England a position of enormous prestige in Europe.

Cromwell in fact revived the glorious tradition of good Queen Bess.

It was, according to Burnet, Cromwell's boast that he would make the name of Englishmen as great as ever that of Roman had been. If he ever actually made this boast, he certainly did much to fulfil it.

Even in Charles II's reign we have Pepys' testimony that Englishmen looked back to Cromwell's time with feelings of pride.

"It is strange," noted Pepys in 1667, "how everybody do nowadays reflect upon Oliver and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour Princes fear him."

When the Lion could Roar

The fact is influence and prestige in Europe were then, as now, dependent on a Power's readiness and ability to act. Cromwell knew his own mind, he had decision of character, an immense military reputation and at his command a powerful fleet and the most efficiently trained army in Europe. Little wonder then that he was both feared and respected by the European statesmen of the day.

As Dryden and other poets sang, Cromwell not only roused the English lion from its slumbers, he also taught it to roar.

"I would have been glad," said Cromwell towards the end of his life, "to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this."

He was already becoming conscious of the fact that he might keep order among contending factions and give the country firm, good government, but there was something lacking. His régime was not and could not be popular with a people constituted like his fellow countrymen. England had no love of dictators; it preferred, in its heart, a system of administration in which all the orders in the State had their due share.

"Mr. Lely," Cromwell is said to have remarked to the painter to whom he was sitting for his portrait, "I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

No portrait of Cromwell as ruler of England would be complete without the moral roughnesses and warts that were blemishes to his greatness. But Posterity while marking those blemishes is inclined to re-echo Thurloe's verdict: "A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was."

The Great Lord Protector

by J. M. Smith

The Great Lord Protector, the most powerful and
mysterious of all the gods, is the one who
protects the world from all evil. He is the
one who is always with us, and who is always
watching over us. He is the one who is
always with us, and who is always watching
over us. He is the one who is always with
us, and who is always watching over us.

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

OLIVER CROMWELL



who took the reins of power when four countries were threatening England
with war and promptly turned the tables

The Old Horse

Exportation for Slaughter

By Brig.-General Sir George Cockerill, C.B.

THE case for the prohibition of the export of horses has been stated again and again but since some misconception still exists it becomes necessary to re-state it. Every year horses which have rendered long years of faithful service to their owners in this country and are nearing the end of their working days are still being exported for slaughter abroad to meet the demand in certain continental countries for horse-flesh for human consumption. Most of the horses so exported find their way into the open market, where many are sold for further work, and thereafter subjected to conditions that would not be tolerated in this country nor contemplated with complacency by any humane person; and once an old horse reaches the continent nothing its former owner can say or do and no law that he can invoke can save it from such a fate. The only effective remedy for this state of affairs is to prohibit the export of horses for butchery.

Personal Observation

The latest official figures dealing with the exportation of horses were given in answer to questions in the House of Commons on the 1st March, 1934. They prove once more that, as has often been explained in the publications of the International League for Horses, exact statistics relating to the traffic in butchery horses do not exist. The total number of horses exported to the continent in 1933 is known to have been 3,179. How many of these were exported for immediate slaughter? How many were in fact slaughtered? To these pertinent questions no answer can be given.

An officer of the Royal Artillery who has investigated the facts on the spot avers from his personal observation that over 70 per cent. of horses exported for slaughter find their way into the open market where they may be sold for further work under the pitiful conditions mentioned above. This assertion is confirmed by other investigators one of whom adds that the horses are usually consigned to dealers, who, after seeing them, decide their fate. Both in Holland and Belgium British horses, exported ostensibly for slaughter, have been traced to towns remote from the ports of arrival and even to other countries including France.

This being so, it might seem unnecessary to discuss methods of slaughter in Holland and Belgium, *e.g.*, whether the use of the mechanical killer is obligatory or general in all slaughter-houses or whether any regulations that exist are properly observed. Since, however, the question has been raised, it should be noted that in Belgium the majority of horses are slaughtered in private slaughter-houses and sausage factories. It can

further be stated on the authority of information furnished officially to a Belgian Society for the Protection of Animals, that neither at the Ministry of Agriculture nor at the Ministry of the Interior (Department of Health) is any list of such establishments maintained. The Act of 22nd March, 1929, for the protection of animals merely forbids the use of the knife in slaughtering until the animal has been stunned either by humane killer, pole-axe or hammer. The use of a mechanical killer is plainly not compulsory.

It is, moreover, impossible to know whether the provisions of the Act are observed in private slaughter-houses and sausage factories, since these places are not officially supervised and, being privately owned, the animal Protection Societies have no access to them. Even, therefore, if the method of their eventual slaughter were the most considerate possible, which there is good reason to doubt, the main objection, on humanitarian grounds, to their export for butchery abroad would not be affected.

France it may be mentioned consumes more horse-flesh than any other country in Europe. In 1933, in Paris alone, 73,000 horses were killed. At Vaugirard, the largest horse-abattoir, conditions, apart from the use of the humane killer, are revolting. Elsewhere in France it is still legal to kill with the pole-axe and hammer except in those few towns where, thanks to the efforts of certain French Societies, a bye-law has been passed making the use of the humane-killer compulsory.

Transport conditions are bad. Horses are liable to be sent long journeys packed in cattle trucks without food or water, and there is no provision for those that are injured. An injured or dying horse may not be killed where it lies, but must first be removed to an abattoir whatever the distance. Much unnecessary suffering is caused by this regulation.

Legitimate Business

The figures given by the Minister of Agriculture, so far as they are pertinent at all to the Exportation of Horses Bill now before Parliament, merely confirm the claim of its authors that, while the Bill would put an end once and for all to the traffic in work-worn horses, it could do no possible injury to the export trade in young and valuable horses, since they are not included in its scope. There is, moreover, a clause in the Bill permitting the export of thoroughbred horses of any age under the same regulations as exist at present and of hunters, polo ponies, trotters, circus and other show animals (and, it may be added, remounts) under similar regulations.

Those who export horses for legitimate purposes might find it expedient, perhaps even necessary, to join the particular Society interested in the class of horse which they export (*e.g.*, Shire Horse,

Hunters, etc.) but the Bill puts no substantial difficulties in the way of legitimate business. The merciful reduction in the number of horses exported, sometimes urged as a proof that the Bill is no longer necessary, is illusory: with an improvement in trade the numbers would tend to increase.

The case against the export of the live horse does not, however, rest solely or even mainly on humanitarian grounds. A Departmental Committee, appointed in 1925, clearly held the view that everything possible should be done to substitute a trade in carcasses for the traffic in the live horse. The higher standard of fitness adopted since 1921, it declared, had had "an important effect on the trade in the export of horse-carcasses from this country to the Continent. Horses which formerly were exported alive are now slaughtered in this country and the carcasses shipped."

Much of the then prevailing public uneasiness on account of the export of live horses was due, the Committee held, to horses being railed to Hull and other ports and assumed to be shipped alive, when in point of fact they were being slaughtered here and exported as carcasses. They thought it important that the public should understand that these horses were "being shipped dead and not alive." Why was it important? Obviously because the public conscience was shocked.

The Committee observed that, having regard to the ultimate importance of the trade to the horse-breeding industry, the Minister of Agriculture should institute an enquiry into the whole trade with a view, as the context indicated, to its further development, and with the ultimate object of removing all grounds for public uneasiness. Clearly the prohibition of the export of the live horse would be the quickest and surest method of encouraging the trade in dressed carcasses, which, in 1925, reached its peak, 64,357, fell in 1932 to 22,111, and, in 1933, rose to 26,247.

In this connection the value of the by-products

of the horse-slaughtering industry, such as hides, horse-hair, glue, size, bone-meal and fat, cannot be ignored. It is enough to say here that the number, variety and importance of these products is not sufficiently recognised in this country, although foreign governments are fully alive to this aspect of the question.

International Trade

One further point may be mentioned. In the General Report of the sub-committee of experts on veterinary questions transmitted to the Council of the League of Nations by its Economic Committee in 1930, reference was made to the ever growing international trade in meat, and it was stated that, in regard to the prevention of the spread of animal diseases, the danger of contamination is appreciably less in the case of meat than in the case of live animals. The general substitution of a clean trade in dressed carcasses for the existing traffic in live animals might prove advantageous solely for hygienic reasons.

In view of all these considerations, many of them of great importance to the horse-breeding industry, it is not astonishing that thoughtful members of the various associations which exist in this country with the object of furthering the welfare of the horse are beginning to feel that more active steps might be taken to voice a protest against the traffic in live horses for butchery and to encourage an organised export trade in dressed carcasses, by which means they would secure the highest possible price for misfits and old horses and ensure their humane slaughter in their own country.

Mr. Walter Long speaking as an ex-Minister of Agriculture, epitomised in a single phrase the case for the Exportation of Horses Bill, declaring that: "If these unfortunate horses are necessary for the food supply on the Continent, then they ought to go as dead meat and not as live animals." Such indeed is the whole argument in a nutshell.

Single-Wicket Cricket

By Arthur Lambton

IN these days I doubt if one follower of cricket has ever witnessed a single-wicket match, but in former times they were of frequent occurrence, and large sums of money changed hands as a result. The most famous concerns Mr. E. H. Budd. This gentleman died in 1875, and I can recall the stir that that event caused, for many people declared that he was the greatest all-round cricketer who ever lived. Whether he was the equal of Grace (whose best years were 1875-1880) is a matter of conjecture, but it seems almost incredible that Mr. Budd was born as far back as 1785.

The details of this most famous cricket match were read by me with avidity as a boy in a boy's paper, but they are as fresh in my memory fifty-odd

years later as they were then. It was customary in Budd's time to put up purses for single-wicket matches, and several people subscribed a sum amounting to £100 and challenged Budd.

The conditions were that the identity of his opponent was to remain a secret until both players appeared on the ground. Budd at once accepted the challenge. On the day of the match he found that his opponent was a fellow-amateur named Brand—a famous fast bowler—and he at once regarded the money as being as good as in his pocket.

Winning the toss, he took first knock and compiled a faultless 70. Then he reflected. He was not a man of leisure, and if possible he would wish

the match to be concluded in one day. Accordingly, he deliberately knocked down his wicket. His bold venture succeeded, for he clean bowled Brand first ball. Going in a second time, he made thirty more runs in perfect style, and again deliberately knocked down his wicket. Then he again clean bowled Brand first ball.

But a condition was attached to the match. The loser was to entertain at a fish dinner the winner and the promoters of the match, including, of course, the backers—in all, some ten persons. Accordingly, on the appointed night everyone turned up at the rendezvous, and, on seating themselves at table, the company were puzzled to find a large black-headed pin placed by the side of each plate. At the head of the table was an enormous dish-cover. Upon the latter being removed there was disclosed to view a veritable stack of periwinkles. One may imagine the consternation and ensuing epithets.

But the affair was taken so seriously that a court of honour was appointed to pronounce upon Brand's conduct. The result was a verdict in the fast bowler's favour, as the court contended that all the sophistry in the world could not get over the fact that periwinkles constituted a fish dinner. And so Brand lost the match, but vindicated his honour. Budd won his £100, and let us hope that

as a result of the dinner he did not suffer from indigestion.

How good was Mr. Budd? His form is difficult to gauge. But he was obviously a cricket genius. In those days there were no boundaries: wickets were so fiery that a fast bowler to a tyro was an executioner, and "shooters" were a feature of the game. Therefore, fifty in those times was probably worth a hundred and fifty to-day. There is nothing so exhausting as constant running between the wickets.

All England flocked to see Mr. Budd play, as they did to see Grace in later years. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort witnessed him perform in the Home Park at Windsor more than once. He was said to be a master of every stroke. His bowling was medium to fast.

Perhaps his greatest achievement was when, playing against a twenty-two, he took seventeen wickets and scored a century, and the whole of the opposing side fielded.

Mr. Budd came of the landed gentry class, but was tied to an office in London. Hence his anxiety already referred to in his match with Mr. Brand. In those days cricket matches were of one day's duration, and not of three. But, of course, in the case of the famous single-wicket match there was no stipulation as to time.

London's Night of Terror

The Raid of the 28th January, 1918

By "Chatsworth"

HAVE you ever stood at the entrance of an air-raid shelter in the East End, when the raid warning was out? If not, it is an experience well missed. The writer did so on several occasions during the latter part of 1917, and saw sights that it is to be hoped will never again be seen in this London of ours. Panic is a horrible thing and it was there to be seen at its worse. Shrieking women and children ruthlessly flung aside by maddened, cursing men seeking safety without a thought for others. Most of them were the poorer type of alien, and, poor devils, they knew what they were afraid of, for scarcely a raid occurred but that the East End was bombed; the enemy knew where the seeds of panic and defeatism might most profitably be sown.

The one bright spot in the whole beastly scene was the stolid British policeman, ably assisted by the Specials, all of them splendid fellows, doing their best to control the terrified crowds.

And inside the shelters? Well, the writer never risked a visit and what he learned at second-hand, he will spare the reader. It isn't a pretty story, but it is one which may be repeated in the not very distant future.

The frenzied hunts for safety make all the more poignant the bombing of Odhams Printing Works,

used as a raid shelter, on the night of the 28/29th January, 1918.

Total Casualties

Three Giants, escorted by ten Gothas carried out the raid, but one of the latter was shot down in flames before reaching London, the others, however, proceeded pretty thoroughly to bomb several widely separated districts, these included various parts of the East End and the City, Lambeth, St. John's Wood, Kennington, Somers Town, Holborn, Battersea, Hackney, Kilburn and Camberwell.

Many buildings were more or less severely damaged, among them being the Admiralty, Cannon Street Station and the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

The total casualties of the raid amounted to sixty-seven dead and one hundred and sixty-six injured, more than half of them occurring at Messrs. Odham Printing Works in Long Acre.

The building was one of five floors, which owing to its substantial construction had been scheduled as an air-raid shelter and consequently many people sought shelter in the basement during the raids. This night was no exception to the general rule and the basement was well filled when a one hundredweight bomb, a comparatively small one, struck a pavement-light just outside—the force of

the explosion passing through into the basement and destroying the lower part of the main walls. Disaster followed. The walls collapsed, bringing with them the floors, printing machines, rolls of paper and much other debris which formed a huge heap over the persons in the shelter. Fire broke out, and when the flames were subdued, no fewer than thirty-seven bodies and eighty-nine injured people were taken from the wreckage.

Ninety-seven home-defence aeroplanes went up

and one hundred and six gun stations were in action against the raiders. The number of defending aeroplanes was hopelessly insufficient, and yet to-day we have only a little more than four times that number to defend the *whole* of the Country.

The damage in London amounted to nearly £173,000, a sum not far short of that offered to the Government by Lady Houston, with the object of preventing similar tragedies in the near future.

To Hoot or Not To Hoot

By Maynard Greville

FROM time to time the subject of noisy motor horns comes up, and the question to hoot or not to hoot is taken up eagerly by biased people on both sides.

There are temperaments which are so impervious to outside shock that the bursting of a howitzer shell alongside them will only achieve the slightly contemptuous raising of an eyebrow, while there are others who will quiver into an intense state of indignation when their reveries are interrupted by a whisper.

I have long been thundering vainly about the iniquitous and ear-splitting noise-producing machines which the electrical accessory makers palm off on us as warning devices. In the old days it was almost general to have two horns fitted to the car, one a dignified bulb horn for use on pedestrians and in circumstances which called for a minimum of noise and offence, and the other a more strident electrical device for use in an emergency or on the open road for passing a lumbering lorry. Unfortunately the practice seems to have fallen into disuse, and to-day two ear-splitting instruments, which we are assured by their makers are beautifully tuned, are placed in the most forward position of the car, usually in front of the bonnet and are used on all and every occasion.

Some of these electric horns, when "detonated" near one, can produce complete deafness for several minutes and are far more suited as fire alarms or air-raid warnings than as a courteous intimation of one's wish to pass.

On the other hand, the silence business can be seriously overdone. In the course of my cars' tests I may have from day to day to change from a very noisy car to a silent one and *vice versa*. I always find that for the first few miles after I have taken over the silent car I over-estimate the distance in which it is possible for people to hear me approaching and that, purely from the driver's point of view, the noisy car is much the safest.

As a pedestrian it is just as nerve-shattering to find myself within inches of a silent cyclist or almost under the bonnet of a silently creeping car as to be hooted at the range of a yard by the latest type of noise-maker.

I have a fondness, which my friends ascribe to lunacy, for riding a racing cycle, partly as a reaction against continual motoring. I often do

fifty or sixty miles a day in the country at an average of about eighteen miles an hour, and one comes up very seriously against the noise in question. The modern cycle is almost dead silent at about twenty miles an hour and is therefore a most dangerous vehicle unless one remembers the fact that one cannot be heard until one is right on the other road user. I generally find that passing pedestrians at about twenty miles per hour in dead silence produce a far more violent nervous reaction, if they have not seen one, than using the bell vigorously, though it may not actually be necessary to clear the road and there may be plenty of room to pass.

In the same way, when I am in a small car taking things fairly easily, I much prefer to be given a friendly toot when someone faster wants to pass, even when there is plenty of room, though I do not expect to be roared off the road by a couple of electric horns mounted on the dumb irons.

Like most motoring questions, this question of hooting is largely one of common sense and courtesy, though the accessory manufacturers make it as difficult as possible for us.

Undoubtedly the bulb horn is the most pleasant method of announcing one's presence, but the bulb horn has several serious disadvantages. It is, for instance, very slow in action. By the time one has compressed it sufficiently in an emergency to wring a warning note from it the accident may have happened. I think that every car should be fitted with either two horns or else a horn with two notes, one for use on the open road, when the sound is expected to carry some distance or to overcome some other assertive sound, and the other for use in towns and places where excessive noise is not required.

There is, of course, a school of motorists which prides itself on never using a horn at all. Speaking as a pedestrian and a cyclist, I think these people are if anything even more nuisance than the persistent horn-blowers. The horn is a very useful adjunct to the good driver and undoubtedly saves a lot of lives.

The persistent horn-blower who goes along in a continual welter of sound is a pest, particularly at night, when headlights can be so easily used as a warning of approach, but there is a happy medium which can and should be observed by every good driver.

The Rose Day Queen

APPROPRIATELY enough Sir George Arthur's biography of Queen Alexandra was published on the annual Rose Day associated with her name. ("Queen Alexandra," Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.).

It is a just tribute to a life in which beauty in all its forms predominated. "A Queen of whom it was well said that her charm exceeded that of Mary, Queen of Scots, her beauty that of Marguerite of Valois, while her merits were all her own"—that is Sir George's own summing up in his preface.

Within a few months of her landing in this country she had, he reminds us, been "lifted, as it were by a unanimous show of hands, to a pinnacle of popularity for which English history furnishes no parallel and from which history will never seek to displace her." Yet, though she could not fail to realise her popularity and could sense the sympathy of British Ministers for the cause of her own native country, Denmark, when Prussia's greedy eyes were turned towards Schleswig-Holstein, she held her peace, contenting herself with quietly reminding her English relations that her father was King of Denmark and that the coveted duchies were his by right.

This wise self-restraint helped to win both the confidence and the affection of her strong-minded mother-in-law.

Contrast with Queen Victoria

Perhaps, Sir George remarks, no two women of that period contrasted more sharply in character, outlook and method than Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter-in-law.

Statecraft was an open book to the Queen; it was a volume which had little interest for the Princess unless the welfare of her children and relatives were involved. Her sorrows, and they were many, could never quench the *joie de vivre* which bubbled up to the end; Queen Victoria, over a long drawn out period, would say with Queen Constance: "Here I and Sorrow sit."

Queen Victoria's biographer insists that she was prone to offer advice but indisposed to receive any; advice was one of the few things which the Princess was disinclined to bestow, but she often sought it and from no one more often and more happily than from her mother-in-law.

The reader of Queen Victoria's letters will find in them her sympathy with sound charitable schemes rather than any quick appreciation of the poverty and misery which in the last century were stalking abroad; the Princess was determined to get in touch with the poverty-stricken and sufferers themselves; organised good works were in the mind of the elder woman, personal service in the heart of the younger. It was admittedly difficult to amuse the Queen. . . the Princess of Wales revelled in talk which rippled with innocent laughter.

Queen Alexandra's life, while Princess of Wales, could not have been an altogether easy one. As King Edward's Queen she set about with him to dissipate the gloom which for more than 40 years had attached to the English Court and soon succeeded in making that Court the most brilliant in Europe.

And as King Edward's consort she was raised

by him to a status that perhaps no previous Queen consort had enjoyed.

Dislike of the Kaiser

She had a profound dislike of Prussianism and its representative the Kaiser throughout her life and when the Great War broke out she could not, Sir George tells us, resist exclaiming: "I always told you he was a bad man; now perhaps you'll believe me."

The Kaiser flits in and out of Sir George's lively pages—first as a small child of four pinching the legs of his kilted uncles at Princess Alexandra's wedding, then as an unpleasant guest at Sandringham putting everyone to rights and finally at King Edward's funeral when he made "sinister" suggestions to the French Ambassador.

When the Kaiser and his Prussianism had been crushed, "for the rest of her life no bitter word about the Kaiser passed her lips . . . he was now a fallen foe and must be left in silence."

How typical this of the great-hearted Queen, to whom meanness of any kind was abhorrent.

Sir George tells us that she had little appetite for acquisition. As for her benefactions:—

From his Roman prison Paul prayed that his special friends, the Galatians, might abound in love with judgment. Whether Queen Alexandra's *caritas* was compounded precisely according to the Pauline prescription may be open to question; of the richness of the chief ingredient there can be no doubt. Napoleon had no fixed rules for fighting, Dickens observed none in writing, Queen Alexandra's bounties may have been a little undisciplined, but the "charity" which dictated them welled from her heart.

The Death of King Edward

Sir George lifts the veil to show us many things hidden from the ordinary view. Here is his account of Queen Alexandra's arrival home from Italy when King Edward was dying:—

The King was dying and coma might set in at any moment: the brave spirit was still trying to fight on: "I am not going to give in. I shall work to the end," were the words on his lips. . . The King was sitting in his arm-chair—it was never easy to persuade him to stay in bed—and, true to character, he told the Queen, after the first greetings, he had given orders that the Royal Box at Covent Garden should be retained for her. "It is *Siegfried*, and I thought you might like to go." The Queen shook her head. "I have come back to be with you," she told him, and for those last thirty hours she scarcely left his side. Once more he was hers altogether, *hers* as when they exchanged their first shy greetings under the grey cathedral walls, *hers* as when they plighted their troth. . . *hers* as when he bent over her pillow to whisper of his joy in their first-born child, *hers* as when in the hour of Denmark's sore trouble he dared his mother's displeasure."

Alexandra Rose Day was instituted three years after King Edward's death, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's coming to England. To-day, though there is no gracious lady to make her radiant progress through London streets rejoicing in the success of the charitable work over which she was presiding, the Rose Day still survives to keep her memory fragrant.

C.B.R.

Prussianism

ANYONE visiting Germany last autumn found on every bookstall and in every bookshop a new book entitled "Jahre der Entscheidung." In no sense a "light" book, it was yet popular; everybody was reading and talking about it. Though inclined to be critical in some ways of Nazism, it did not come under the official ban; on the contrary, the Nazis accepted it, and Hitler, it was said, had learnt some of its passages by heart. Its author, Oswald Spengler, was already famous, a previous work, called in its English version "The Decline of the West," having attracted the world's attention.

Under the title "The Hour of Decision" (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.) Spengler's new book has been translated by Charles Atkinson into English. No doubt it will be widely read as it gives full, if not fresh, information respecting the fundamental ideas and aims that inspire the "New Germany," and presents, at the same time, comparisons between her and other Powers—France, England, Russia, Italy, the United States and Japan—which, if not at all flattering to them, at least plainly indicate the German point of view.

Briefly stated, the subject of this work is praise of Prussianism—the same very definite brand of Germanism for which Goering stands. Spengler holds that "we have entered upon the age of world wars;" he has no use whatever for the League, "that swarm of parasitic holiday-makers on the Lake of Geneva;" power, might, force—*macht* is everything—"the will of the Strong, healthy instincts, race, the will to possession." To him Germany is the "key-country of the world."

Views on England

Put thus nakedly, the main theme of the book may seem to us as absurd rather than impressive, but Spengler is an accomplished writer, has a profound knowledge of history, and states the case for Germany, and the dominant part she is *called on* to play in Europe, with conspicuous ability. It can easily be imagined how congenial all his teaching and preaching are to the Nazis.

He has a good deal to say about England, and we may as well read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest—for our own good—what he says in such a passage as this:

The thirst for adventure is dying and the young generation has fallen so precipitously in mind, morals and world outlook from the qualitative level to which English society had been educated in the previous century as to present a phenomenon without parallel in the world. The old trumpet-call, "England expects every man to do his duty," which every young Englishman of good family at Eton and Oxford before the War felt as directed to him personally, now falls on deaf ears. Youth amuses itself with Bolshevik problems, goes in for eroticism as a sport, and sport as a profession and object of life. Men of the older generation who were active in high positions before the War now ask themselves in dismay who is to defend the ideal of a Greater Britain when they are gone.

Unfortunately, there is at present a good deal of truth in the foregoing, but foreigners, I think, will be very much surprised to find how magnificently England will respond to the trumpet-call when it comes—as come it may.

R.M.

Air Pioneers

AIR MARSHAL ITALO BALBO'S "My Air Armada" (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.) is at once a glorification of Italian aviation and, by implication, a criticism of British aviation; for it records the rather humiliating fact that the first squadron of aircraft to fly in mass formation between the United Kingdom and the Dominion of Canada, to fly, in other words, on what must eventually become one of our Empire air lines, was not a British but an Italian squadron.

In another age it would have seemed impossible that this tremendous pioneer feat on a route geographically marked out for British aircraft and British pilots, should have been undertaken by any country but our own, and it is significant that Air Marshal Balbo obtained inspiration for the flight from the early exploits of British seamen.

"The thing that influenced me," he writes, was my recollection of the prestige and the wealth of experience which had accrued to England owing to her naval policy, dating back hundreds of years, of sending fleets of ships over all the seas of the world that English sailors did not know. It was the outcome of the traditional policy of Old England of scattering her naval squadrons over all the waters of the globe with instructions to unfurl the proud flag of the country wheresoever the sea provided them with an opening or a landing."

A Great Achievement

With twenty-five large flying boats he set out from Italy and flew across the Alps, by way of England, Ireland, Iceland, Labrador and Canada, to Chicago and New York, and subsequently he made the return journey across the Atlantic by way of the Azores.

The final stage of the return flight—from Lisbon to Rome—had to be flown according to schedule. Rome was waiting to give the twenty-three boats remaining out of the original twenty-five, a warm welcome and appeals from pilots, whose engines were overheating, to alight had to be disallowed. Here good fortune alone had to be relied upon to bring all the machines safely home. And their luck happily held.

The whole flight must assuredly be regarded as an achievement of the first magnitude, demanding not only skill and courage on the part of the crews and organisers, but a sublime faith on the part of the Italian Government, for the possibilities of crushing disaster were enormous. But Air Marshal Balbo passes lightly—too lightly, perhaps—over the technical side and concentrates rather upon triumphant welcomes at the ports of call. Whether he is speaking of the bright eyes of the Irish girls who greeted his squadron or of Lord Londonderry's French accent, he is witty and high-spirited. He is a great leader and a keen observer of men and of manners.

The illustrations are good, though a map should obviously have been included. The translation is often clumsy; but in general it conveys adequately the narrator's meaning. "My Air Armada" is a high speed, hugely entertaining description of a great achievement. And the only regret it leaves with the English reader is that the squadron was not composed of the aircraft of the British Royal Air Force.

Ben Jonson

"Greatest of English Worthies"

DESPITE the labours and researches of much literary scholarship it is to be feared that to most Englishmen to-day Ben Jonson is little more than a name: he may be remembered as England's first Poet Laureate, who mysteriously acquired the epithet of "rare" and who in the intervals of tavern brawls found time to honour Shakespeare "this side of idolatry" and to indite some rather fine lyrics, but beyond this is generally sheer blank ignorance.

For this reason a book that aims at, and admirably succeeds in, placing not only the man, but his achievements in their proper perspective is to be cordially welcomed, and such a book is certainly that by the well-known scholar and critic Mr. John Palmer ("Ben Jonson," Routledge, 8 plates, 12s. 6d.).

This is no mere hack-work, the dishing up of other men's labours in new and more popular form. Mr. Palmer knows his subject thoroughly, his knowledge being derived from his own close study of the times and of Jonson's plays and poems.

He sums up Jonson as "not only an author of genius," but "perhaps the greatest of English worthies."

Jonson was even more important in life than in literature. He took it upon himself to stand for the vocation, and as the priest of Apollo he demanded a place of honour and esteem for English letters. For forty years the poets and dramatists of England looked to him as their leader. All were the "sons of Ben." . . . Jonson had a natural insolence of disposition. . . . He finally came to rest in Westminster Abbey, but he might as easily have ended at Tyburn—and nearly did. . . . Jonson represented the renaissance in England as definitely as Milton represented the Reformation.

No Accidental Felicities

Particularly interesting is Mr. Palmer's analysis of Jonson's "masterpieces," the four comedies "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," "The Alchemist" and "Bartholomew Fair." He writes of them with enthusiasm, tempered by sound judgment, impressing upon his reader that

Jonson achieved excellence, no matter what his theme or purpose, by premeditation and design. He could not rely upon accidental felicities. His success came always by a consciously directed effort. He lived by the pen and yet, for him, words were stubborn, difficult and hard to fit. He must hammer his phrases into shape like a smith. The heat of his inspiration is rarely of the blood.

It may be that Jonson would have been a far greater poet than he was had he been less of a scholar; his learning seems at times to have been a positive impediment to the free play of the imagination he undoubtedly possessed.

It was Sir John Young, of Great Milton, who passing by Jonson's tomb in The Abbey shortly after his body had been interred, observed that there was no inscription or epitaph on the slab and gave eighteenpence to a mason to carve the words "O Rare Ben Jonson" upon it. Perhaps, says Mr. Palmer in recording the incident, "he had seen them inscribed over the door of the Apollo Room in the Devil Tavern. They had in any case been current for over twenty years."

Booksellers' World Tour

TWO young men, some twenty years ago, set out to see the world—or at least a great part of it—"primarily (as we learn) to study bookselling conditions in the countries visited and secondly to study the conditions under which the peoples of those countries have to live."

These two were the well known publisher, Mr. Stanley Unwin, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Severn Storr. Each recorded his own impressions in letters written to the family circle at home. These letters were not at the time intended for publication, but after a lapse of twenty years, owing to the insistence of friends, a selection from them has now been made to form a connected narrative of the trip. The resulting book is entitled "Two Young Men See the World" (George Allen & Unwin, 16s., with 133 illustrations).

The trip lasted eighteen months and comprised South Africa, South Australia and Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, German New Guinea, the Philippine Islands and Japan, the homeward journey being *via* Ceylon and the Red Sea.

The two authors, now no longer youthful, express the hope that their book may encourage emigration when the good times return.

"If the following pages can do anything to decide the man of capital or the man of brawn to decentralise himself from the overcrowded British Isles and take his place in the great open spaces beneath the vast clear skies overseas, then we shall feel that the labour involved in selecting the most suitable passages from our letters and uniting them in the form of a continuous narrative has not been labour in vain."

How far this pious hope may be realised, one cannot say, but at least the book provides easy and attractive reading; and, while the lands visited have undergone many changes in the past twenty years, there have been no essential modifications in the broad features or general "atmosphere" noted on in these travellers' impressions.

Story of a Japanese Inn

The naturalness of the whole record gives it its special charm. Take the little story, for example, of the midnight interruption of their interpreter friend in the Japanese country inn. He thought it was a rat that had tickled his feet, but, on looking through the half-opened shutters,

found the two women who had waited on us that evening squatting on their heels and convulsed with laughter. He asked them what they meant by disturbing his slumbers. . . . They answered in a profound whisper that they much regretted breaking in upon the honourable slumber of his excellency their guest; their desire was really to communicate with the honourable foreigners his friends, but as we could not speak Japanese they had taken the liberty of awakening our interpreter. Thinking we might feel frightened after the dreadful stories (of robbers) we had heard, they wished to offer us their company for the night.

The two travellers before they left Japan had not only gone some way to acquiring the art of eating with chopsticks, but had also learnt that three things largely contributed towards the greatness of Japan—the love of beauty, the deep religious regard for ancestors, and the devotion of the Japanese mother to her family.

A Man of Ideas

MANY men at some time in their lives conceive at least one brilliant idea; but not so many men, once they have given birth to the good idea, at once proceed to carry it out. That seems to have been the secret of Mr. Stephen Foot's success in his "Three Lives" (Heinemann, illustrated, 10s. 6d.). He had both the capacity to think and to act upon his inspirations.

His first "life" was with a well-known Oil Company, and almost his very first act was to startle his Boss by having "a brain wave" over an important cable. Then in Mexico, with a revolution merrily in progress, he "struck oil" in more senses than one by lightning decisions.

The outbreak of the Great War found him entering on his second "life": as a sapper subaltern he distinguished himself by building a necessary bridge while his chief was away without waiting for authority and by composing a memorandum on R.E. and Infantry co-operation, which was printed and issued throughout the Army; next as Adjutant to the C.R.E. of the 21st Division he got himself into hot water by sending off a memo on the conduct of the war direct to Mr. Lloyd George; and later as G.S.O.2 at the War office in March, 1918, he produced a scheme for a Mobile Army, involving the employment of cross-country tractors for the supply of food and ammunition, that was adopted by the War Office, the French and Americans, and was to have been the basis for the Allied plans prepared for 1919.

At the end of the War, Mr. Foot resigned his position with his Oil Company and took up schoolmastering at his old school, Eastbourne College. This is his third "life" and once again he has shown his capacity for evolving ideas and putting them into operation.

He has the distinction of being the first Careers Master in any Public School, and in his teaching he has introduced a "group system," in which a form is divided into groups of four boys of about the same mental calibre, each group deciding for itself how the term's work shall be tackled. This system, he tells us, has produced already "astonishingly successful results."

* * *

The Economic Problem

THE point at which Mr. G. D. H. Cole in "Studies in World Economics" (Macmillans, 12s. 6d.), attacks and very rightly attacks the present economic system is that of under-consumption.

The world is full of goods which cannot be consumed because they cannot be sold at a price yielding a profit to the owners of land and capital and a living wage to labour.

Mr. Cole's Socialism affords no remedy for this disease. There is, however, great merit in stressing the need, under conditions of to-day, for the organisation of production and distribution in the common interest.

* * *

Purveyors of Humour

THAT hilarious combination, Messrs David Low and Horace Thorogood, make their appearance in book-form under the title "Low and Terry" (Hutchinsons, 5s.) The contents of this volume are built up from the Saturday contributions of this delightful pair of humorists to the *Evening Standard*, but, as Mr. W. W. Jacob remarks in his preface to the book, the eye that has to skip hurriedly over the varied items of the evening's news "finds it difficult to slow down sufficiently to do full justice to the wit and humour of Low and Terry" and the amusement provoked by their efforts is likely to be considerably enhanced by the more leisured contemplation possible with a book.

It is indeed a varied feast of humour Low and Terry offer their readers, the topics ranging from tea with the chimps to such things as auctions, weddings, flower-shows, summer cruises, Turkish baths, the Olympia

circus and archaeological investigations: altogether a mine of gaily distorted information, illustrated and given point to by Low's devastating art.

* * *

The Army's Glorious Traditions

IT requires a soldier steeped in the Army's traditions to expound all the glories of his profession, and in Corporal-Major Hills, of the Life Guards, we have such a soldier, with the added qualification of a lucid, vigorous style.

In "Something about a Soldier" (Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d.), he tells us of "the lure" of the Army, and then traces its history from the early beginnings to the present day, giving an account of the regimental system and of the private soldier's and officer's life and explaining the various nicknames that regiments have won from the battles in which they have fought.

"Pomp and Circumstance" (which to the Life Guardsmen are naturally of peculiar importance) find their due place in his chronicle, but there are also many lighter matters touched upon; for example, stories of the Army's "Amazons"—from "Mother Ross" of Landen, Ramillies and Malplaquet fame to the gallant Mrs. Smith at Balaclava. We have, too, the stories of the original Thomas Atkins, author of the saying "It's all in the day's work," and of "the milling" old Life Guardsman Shaw who, after heroic deeds, met his death at Waterloo.

"A lovable Army. Do you wonder we're fanatics?" There is no room for wonder with Corporal-Major Hills' fascinating pages before one.

* * *

A Sailor's Life

ANOTHER autobiography of the sea has made its appearance from the house of Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. It is "The Half Deck," by Capt. George H. Grant, and is published at 16s. net.

The half deck is that portion usually reserved for the accommodation of apprentices and this book describes two voyages made during the author's apprenticeship. There is all the excitement of the sea in these pages and Capt. Grant writes with a sailor's love and understanding of his craft. Life on board a cargo ship is not, as a rule, comfortable and the hours worked are heavy. But, even in its angrier moments, the sea has strange compensations for those who know and love it, and all through this book we find that happy outlook making light of difficulties and dangers.

Captain Grant went to sea at the age of 14 and had many experiences which rarely fall to the lot of the average seaman. In these two voyages of the "Monarch," the ship in which he served his apprenticeship, there were enough incident and excitements to pack a much larger book with thrills, and it says much for the author's skill that everything is kept well in proportion and blended into the main stream of the autobiography. The author has a style which is refreshingly simple. There are no dizzy flights of rhetoric which mar so many books of this type. The story unfolds naturally and easily and interest is maintained up to the last page.

* * *

Countess Markievicz

IN publishing the "Prison Letters of the Countess Markievicz" (Longman's 6s.), Miss Esther Roper has endeavoured to rescue this unhappy and misguided woman from the obscurity into which she had fallen. Whether this was worth while is another matter. The letters have little interest, though they depict the writer as having a lively personality. Included in the volumes are some articles and some undistinguished poetry by the Countess's sister, Eva Gore-Booth.

Assam to Cairo by Air

MR. ALBAN ALI is an official of the Assam Government. His interest in flying led him into purchasing a Comper "Swift," which he christened "The Scarlet Angel" and with which he intended to transport himself to England on his leave. Arriving at Delhi about the time of the Viceroy's Air Race he, unfortunately for the success of his air trip to Europe, decided to enter the contest and finished not ingloriously sixth. The strain of this race on the "Scarlet Angel" was to cause it eventually to break down only a few miles from Cairo and to force him to conclude the rest of his journey by the more prosaic means of steamer and train. His experiences are now set out in lively strain, somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Wodehouse, whose novels he admits to reading, in "The Scarlet Angel" (Duckworth, illustrated, 10s. 6d.). His book also contains much miscellaneous information about Assam and India's North-East frontier, as well as some shrewd comments on British official apathy in regard to Empire Air Services. "We have," he says, "an unrivalled field in our colonies for the development of what could be the world's foremost system of air communications. Yet we grope along hesitantly from year to year, content with machines little faster than express trains and watch complacently two foreign air-lines operate successful services over a route which lies largely within our own possessions or dependencies."

* * *

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

THE Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have just published a brief but interesting account of the whole story of the Stratford-on-Avon memorial to the national poet, beginning with the building of the theatre burnt down in 1926 and ending with the opening of its modern substitute by the Prince of Wales in 1932. The writer of the story is Mr. A. K. Chesterton ("Brave Enterprise," J. Mills, 2s.). He pays just tribute to the generosity and enthusiasm of the founder of the first theatre and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fowler, while due acknowledgments are also made to Sir F. R. Benson and Mr. Bridges Adam for their part in creating the fame of that theatre by their Shakespearian productions. Opinions have differed as to the suitability of the present red-brick structure in an environment of Elizabethan houses and the quietly flowing Avon; but there can be no doubt that as regards its interior and general arrangements the new Memorial Theatre can challenge comparison with any modern theatre in the world. Mr. Chesterton tells us all the difficulties that had to be overcome before the new building could be erected and points out how well Stratford-on-Avon has been served by "idealists of great strength of character"—among them not the least Sir Archibald and Lady Flower.

* * *

Tracing History Backwards

COMMANDER KING-HALL and Mr. Boswell are both experts at giving talks over the microphone. They have that enviable gift of being able to explain themselves in the simplest language however complicated the subject may be with which they are dealing. But the discursive and intimate method which makes a broadcast talk successful and challenging is not the method to employ when writing a book.

"Tracing History Backwards" (Evans Bros. 1s. 6d.)—although the use of the word "backwards" is questionable—was an excellent series of talks which in its printed form lacks the personality of the respective speakers from which at least part of its success was derived. The printed reproduction of a broadcast talk is an interesting relic and no more. It is not even brought to life by illustrations, however skillful they may be. The idea of "Tracing History Backwards" is excellent, but the authors should have kept their eyes on the reading public rather than the listening public.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

Sob Stuff about Crooks

ERIC LARKIN, driving a motor-car when he was drunk, killed a man, and was sentenced to a well-deserved twelve months. When he came out of gaol he got bored with life and the fact that people weren't terribly glad to see him, so he joined up with a crook he had met in prison and became a smash and grab crook himself.

David Farrer who writes his story in "A Career for the Gentleman" (Chatto & Windus 7/6) attempts to make you believe that Eric was a soulful little lad full of loyalties and things and tries to idealise the criminal.

The impression he left on me was that Eric was a dirty little swab who was welcome to his sticky end, and that Mr. Farrer would be well advised to put his ability for writing a readable story to some better subject. Dirty little swabs who are quite prepared to kill and rob simply that they may live in comfort are not heroic, and the "great sympathy for people on the wrong side of the law" which the publisher's "blurb" claims for Mr. Farrer is just "blurb." The sympathy should be with the victims of the dirty little swab and his companions.

* * *

Murder is Not Funny

There is nothing very funny about murder, and if John Alexander had cut out a lot of his facetiousness, "Murder at the Eclipse" (Sampson Low 7/6) would have been a much better story. It is a very good story as it is, constructed in an unconventional way, and holding your interest to the end. One of the many good features of it is the description of the trial of a peer, for murder, by his peers, and there is real humour in that, which is justifiable. And the mystery is good too. This is a book to be read and to be enjoyed and its merits well outweigh its early flippancies.

* * *

Much Stranger than Fiction

"They took me for a Ride" by Gordon Fellowes (Allen & Unwin 6/-) is stated to be an account of the adventures of a British born criminal investigator in the United States. It is illustrated by photographs of gangster-murdered men. The adventures are full of thrills, and the book makes extremely good reading. But it makes you realise that the facts of American crime are a deal stranger than the fiction.

For instance, on the only occasion when Mr. Fellowes met Al Capone, Al made but one remark to him and that was "Scram," which apparently meant "Clear out." Mr. Fellowes cleared. No writer of fiction would have had the restraint to deal with Al Capone so concisely. Nor would he ever have dared to make a clue so easy as that which Mr. Fellowes picked up when he was trying to trace the missing Aimee McPherson to whom a friend sent a straightforward telegram saying: "Police detectives on your trail. Lay low, get in touch with me at once."

Read this book and you will never again doubt anything you may read in a gangster detective story.

* * *

A Cambridge Murder

I missed "Murder at the Varsity" by Q. Patrick when it was first published last year, but I have read it in its cheap "Longman Thrillers" edition (Longman Green & Co. 3/6) and liked it a lot. The setting of a sedate Cambridge College for a crime—in this case more than one—of violence is a good one, and the author has used his setting and atmosphere to advantage. I shall never feel quite the same sense of security and peace about Cambridge colleges again. Q. Patrick has made me believe that dreadful things may happen there; during thunder storms particularly.

Notes from a Musical Diary

The Mystery of Delius

By Herbert Hughes

TO the scattered, indefinite, incalculable musical public of this country Frederick Delius must have been a somewhat mysterious figure. His circle of friends were small, his personality practically a matter of hearsay, his environment foreign. Never was there a native-born composer of the front rank more un-English in outlook and utterance. Bradford has given us two typical Englishmen in (for example) John Coates and J. B. Priestly, known far and wide in their respective ways: but it did not seem to have left any appreciable mark on Delius, though he was born there and went to the local Grammar School. To the doughty championship of Sir Thomas Beecham the connoisseur of fine music owes nearly everything he knows of the composer's music, music that in spite of its intense originality had strict limitations in subject and style.

It was Beecham who, about the year 1907, in command of the New Symphony Orchestra, gave Londoners their first real knowledge of his orchestral music, though in 1899 there had been a Delius Concert at the old St. James's Hall which was hardly a nine days' wonder. It was Beecham who introduced *Brigg Fair*, *Paris*, *Appalachia*, and some other works now well known, and it was Beecham who presented the exquisite *Village Romeo and Juliet* at Covent Garden before the war as well as an unforgettable concert-room performance of *A Mass of Life*. It was Sir Thomas, too, who was the presiding genius of the Delius Festival which took place in the autumn of 1929 and gave us a veritable glut of lovely individual music; and there is little doubt that the incidence of that belated festival brought about the dignity of Companion of Honour which was conferred in that pathetic year. Already Delius was stricken with blindness and partial paralysis; already he had "arrived."

I remember the late Philip Heseltine, Delius's biographer, remarking that he felt he had overpraised the great musician: he had grown conscious of the limitations of Delius's style, though his reverence for it, and for the mind of the composer, was almost worship. (His own *Serenade*, written in honour of Delius's sixtieth birthday, is sufficient testament of pupilage and friendship). He realised, I think, that the aloofness of Delius from everyday life, from vulgar life, from the interests of common, intelligent people did not, of itself, establish a right to reverence. It was, no doubt, some satisfaction to the biographer to feel that in 1929 the University of Oxford desired to honour itself, so to speak, by conferring an unwanted degree on a distinguished absentee, to feel that the Festival brought something like *réclame* to a creative artist whose work was caviare to the general.

The Composer's Limitations

But he must have realised—though I did not discuss this with him—that the composer's choice of subjects for musical setting represented a restricted intellectualism and therefore a restricted importance in the cosmos. Heseltine had that sort of intellectual honesty. His own interest in the art of music was wider than that of his hero, even if he had less accomplishment; his interest in life itself embraced the very commonness of humanity in which the artist Delius had only a very detached concern.

We have been accustomed in recent years to bracket Elgar and Delius as the two greatest English composers of our time; but it is pretty certain that the humanity of the one, and the aloofness of the other, will gradually come to prove and fix their relative positions. My own feeling is that in Delius we had our own hybrid Debussy, a musician of superb and unique individuality, with precious little in him that was characteristically English despite his *North Country Sketches* and other compositions associated with England. In Elgar, on the other hand, we had the laureate as fine-spun as Kipling or Masfield, even if his feelings did not always harmonise with theirs. Elgar was never, or hardly ever, exotic. Delius was hardly ever anything else.

Our Office

YORK Buildings, Adelphi, where stand the offices of the *Saturday Review* was, until 1854, known as George Street. Before this, from Watermen's Pier, steamboats left during the winter months for Chatham, Sheerness, Southend, Gravesend and other places. Many "local" services were also operated from this Pier. Boats left every thirty minutes for Vauxhall and Chelsea—fare 4d., and for London Bridge—fare 2d! In Tweezers' Alley there is a notice on the wall "To the Steamboats," which indicates that if one desired to take a boat from Watermen's Pier, George Street, one had to walk through Arundel Street and proceed towards Charing Cross.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Correspondence

The Mount Everest Film

SIR,—Although the Film "Wings over Everest" is giving great pleasure to many I am puzzled by some omissions. It would have added much to the picturesqueness and realism of the Film if such incidents as the interview with the Maharajah of Nepal, the inspection by the Viceroy of the Aircraft at Delhi, and the triumphal elephant procession after the first flight given to the Expedition by the Maharajahiraj of Darbhanga had been introduced. There were great opportunities for mystery and drama in a genuine Indian atmosphere which have been missed. Is it not still possible to amend the film?—

"INTERESTED."

SIR,—There is nothing more heartening, in these days of political cowardice, than the triumph of courageous persistence.

Lady Houston, D.B.E., who has been patently ignored, insulted and slighted by those who sought to obtain second-hand publicity, from the glorious Houston Mount Everest Flight, has at last secured due and permanent recognition of her patriotism.

None who saw this great film-epic could fail to be thrilled and to feel anything but the highest admiration for this brave lady, who alone among patriots puts principle before self-interest.

To see this film is not only to realise the greatness of Englishmen: it is to recognise, without an iota of male jealousy but with, perhaps, some sense of shame, that it takes a great lady to show us our plain duty.

R. M. SEAGHDHA.

65, Kensington Gardens, W. 2.

The Fate of the Old Horse

SIR,—I was deeply moved by Mr. Basil Tozer's article on the Old Horse and was glad to see that you had had some indignant letters about the disgraceful state of affairs disclosed by Mr. Tozer. What one would like to know is whether anything is being done to stop this horrible traffic in old horses? Surely there are a sufficient number of horse-lovers in this country to provide the money for homes of rest for the poor creatures when they become too old to work? And surely, too, our humanity should prevent us allowing our horses being kept at work when they really have reached the pension stage? As for letting them be sent abroad to be butchered for a Spanish holiday—that is a dreadful blot on Britain's fair name.

E. H. JAMES.

Great Peter Street, S.W. 1.

Conditions in Austria

[From Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, C.B.]

SIR,—For some time past alarmist reports have appeared in certain sections of the Press at home and on the Continent regarding the state of affairs in Austria. *The Saturday Review*, with its balanced and authoritative reports, provides a conspicuous exception which is fully recognised in Vienna. In fairness to that country, and to members of the British public who contemplate visiting it, I venture to ask for your further assistance in putting the facts in their true perspective.

Accounts of "bomb outrages," interference with the railways, and similar manifestations of a movement designed to disturb the peace have undoubtedly raised doubts in this country as to the wisdom of a visit to Austria under present conditions, either for the musical festival at Salzburg or for the many holiday attractions which that country offers.

I have recently returned from a tour in Austria which included Salzburg, Linz, and Vienna, and can, without hesitation, say that at the present time the risk to foreign visitors is non-existent.

From personal observation and conversation with members of the Government and other responsible officials I was left in no doubt whatever that the authorities are equal to the situation with a large margin.

It is true that while I was in Salzburg a "bomb" was thrown into the entrance of the Opera House. Certain sections of the Continental Press announced that the

resultant damage was such as to prevent the musical festival taking place. As a matter of fact, the whole of the damage was to be made good within a few days.

While the British public is unlikely to accept exaggerated rumours at their face value, a feeling of hesitation may arise, which is my sole excuse for writing to you about a charming country in which I have no sort of interest whatever except as a grateful guest.

A. E. BORTON,

(Air Vice-Marshal).

97, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

Humane Trapping

SIR,—Another year is just completed, and the Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign is still extending its work all over the world. Owing to the generous public support received, it has been possible to maintain the distribution of leaflets at rather more than a thousand a week ever since the start, which was five years ago. These leaflets, besides drawing attention to the greater cruelties of trapping, also contain the well known White List, which names those furs which have been obtained in a humane way, and can therefore be worn with a clear conscience.

Just now I am doing all I can to support the new Steel Traps Bill, which has been drafted by the University of London Animal Welfare Society, to make that abomination, the common steel trap, illegal.

Traps which torture are no longer necessary, owing to recent inventions; and I have a special leaflet describing new methods of catching rabbits in long nets, etc., and also new and efficient humane traps for all vermin—even rats and moles.

May I hope that the public will continue its support to enable me to carry on this work? I should also be very grateful for any help in distributing leaflets.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major).

(The Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign).

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

The Diesel Engine

SIR,—Our basic industries are at last beginning to throw off the black mood of depression which descended upon them, and upon us all, in 1931.

Soon the gathering momentum will take us past the stage of recovery, and we shall begin to contemplate, without feeling that we overdo our enthusiasm, the immense possibilities for real progress, which awaits us on the single condition that we have will and courage to command it.

I am thinking especially of coal and railway transportation: in connection with which, I should like to draw your attention to remarkable developments now proceeding in various parts of the world, in the design and use of diesel engines.

The diesel, it is not too much to say, may well revolutionise railway transportation, and road transportation also, in the not-too-distant future. In doing so, it will contribute immensely to the rehabilitation of the British coal industry, now that fuel oil is being obtained from coal.

Were it not for recent successful developments in extracting fuel-oil from British coal, this diesel development would have provided one of the largest nails yet available for insertion in the coffin of our colliery industry.

Let us be ready with the fuel!

CHALMERS KEARNEY, M.I.STRUCT.E.

100, Victoria St., S.W.1.

Empire or Foreign Goods?

SIR,—Can you tell your readers (a) Why the Empire Marketing Board was abolished, and (b) Now that it is abolished, is there any authority at all to safeguard the housewife in her shopping? If, for instance, she lays out her money on butter labelled as "Empire," is there any control against its being really Danish, which would probably yield a little more profit to the multiple shopkeeper? It seems a pity that the Board had to be done away with, though possibly its Inspectors were a nuisance to various interests.

Ferne Park Road, N. 8.

G.B.

Three Pictures with Music

By Mark Forrest

THE three most important pictures this week all have a musical background, but "Liebes Kommando," at the Academy, is a long way ahead of the other two. I thought that I should never be able to sit through another Viennese musical comedy after the spate which has recently been in progress, but this latest one manages to be not only charming but, what is perhaps more important, fresh.

A good deal of the credit for this belongs to Mr. Bolvary who has handled the story very lightly and with plenty of humour, yet he might easily have come to grief if he had not the services of Dolly Kaas in the leading rôle. This young actress is a great discovery. She has charm, a nice voice and a sure touch. The dialogue of this film is, of course, in German (with subtitles in English) and I don't know to what extent she has mastered our language, but I understand that she is acting in a film in this country at the moment.

The story of "The Love Command" is founded on facts—none the less somewhat incredible ones. Apparently in the days of the Emperor Franz Joseph a young man, whose family was renowned for its military tradition, so far forgot his duties to his ancestors as to prefer music to soldiering. His sister on the other hand preferred the barracks to the drawing-room and, when the young man had to join the Austrian Sandhurst, he handed over his papers to her and she became a cadet in his place. It is asserted that she kept up the deception for three years and, on discovery, was pardoned by the Emperor. However that may be, that is the theme of the picture and Mr. Bolvary has had great fun with the masquerade.

The other two musical pictures appear very heavy compared to this light extravaganza, but they both have merits. The one is a British production, "Evergreen," and the other, "Murder at the Vanities," is a product of Hollywood.

British Films Only

"Evergreen," which marks a change of policy at the New Gallery where in future only British productions will be shown, is the screen version of the musical comedy of that name and, directed by Mr. Saville, is an improvement on most of our attempts to produce this type of entertainment. Our efforts in this branch of the cinema have not been very successful, generally because the dialogue has been too mediocre, and the producers have tried to do a big production without having sufficient money behind them to ensure that what was begun with a flourish will end with one. Too often the film has faded away with a feeble gesture.

Nothing has been skimmed in "Evergreen"; indeed, the Gaumont British company has been so careful that nothing should seem to be lacking that the film is nearly a reel too long, and would be more effective if judiciously cut. Those who like Jessie Matthews have every opportunity of seeing her at her very best, for at long last she has been given some dancing to do. Her acting, too,

has improved and her voice sounds more certain. With her are Sonnie Hale and Betty Balfour, whom I have not seen in a big picture for some little time. Her performance here should ensure her being seen more often in the future.

The story of the film is yet another masquerade, even more incredible than the one in "Liebes Kommando"; for here a girl appears as her own mother. The beautiful Harriet Green, who is the toast of the old Tivoli, disappears on the eve of her wedding because the villain who seduced her and by whom she has a daughter threatens to blackmail her. Twenty years or so later the daughter seeks a job as a chorus girl; her likeness to her mother is recognised and the manager decides to star her as her mother—hence the title "Evergreen." Eventually everything is discovered, but only because the villain reappears and the girl, tired of being taken for a woman of forty or so, "blows the gaff" herself.

The story, then, is fairly futile and much too much time is wasted trying to make it appear less so, but in between whiles there is Jessie Matthews' dancing and two or three tunes which pleased London a little time ago and will, doubtless, please it again. The big scenes are well managed and, for a brief moment, Mr. Saville becomes symbolic, but they are all a bit too long except those in which Betty Balfour appears. Sonnie Hale hasn't much to do and most of what there is is in the same key which further restricts his opportunities.

"Murder at the Vanities," at the Carlton, is a very lavish affair put on with all that slickness which graces the best Hollywood productions. Mr. Earl Carroll's famous beauties are draped—or rather undraped—all over the place, but unfortunately during the performance a couple of murders take place on the stage. Mr. Leisen has managed to blend the murder enquiry very cleverly with the actual show and Jack Oakie, as the manager, has been given a few excellent "wise cracks" at the expense of Victor McLaglen, who plays the detective, to keep the humour going when anyone might be beginning to think out the unlikelihood of certain parts of the story.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street (Gar. 2981)

The Gay Masquerade

'LIEBES KOMMANDO' (U)

Delightful Viennese Music, and

'THE UNHOLY QUEST' (A)

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Also 7/6
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FROM ALL STATIONERS

MADE IN
ENGLAND

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

New Theatre.

Queen of Scots

By Gordon Daviot

I HAVE said before that a Historical play runs the risk of being either too historical or not historical enough. I am more than ever convinced that this is true after seeing "Queen of Scots." It may be true that Mary was a person to be pitied in spite of the fact that she thought not so much of Scotland as of her claim to the throne of England. It is fairly certain that she hated Elizabeth almost as much as she feared her. Gordon Daviot did not seem to be quite sure what sort of a person Mary was, and, to tell the truth, neither did the audience. This was not the fault of Gwen Ffangcon-Davies, who made the Queen as consistent a character as the author allowed her to.

Bothwell, too, did not quite come off. Am I to blame the author or Laurence Olivier? Perhaps it would be fairest to divide the Honours. Felix Aylmer gave the accomplished performance as James Stuart that one has learned to expect from him, and there was an excellent cameo from Morland Graham as the Count de Moretta.

Rizzio, despite the efforts of George Howe, simply did not exist, and Darnley (Glen Byam Shaw) had the only really dramatic scene in the play. The best all round performance came from Campbell Gullan as Lethington. He made one believe that he was a patriot in spite of his allegiance to the Virgin Queen.

Embassy.

Mrs. McConaghy's Money

By Hugh Quinn

It has been my misfortune of late to see plays which merely stopped at 11 p.m. Being an optimist, I always hope that the next one will be an exception. The next one—in this case "Mrs. McConaghy's Money"—was not, alas, the realisation of my hopes.

Mrs. McConaghy took in any old derelict to die on her hands so that she might collect the insurance money, so it was no wonder that the living were overshadowed by the dead in that poor little house in Belfast.

Some of the dialogue was grimly amusing, but the mixture of seriousness with the humour reminded one constantly of that little back room where the last rites were observed. The money-grabbing shrew of a wife was, it is true, hoist with her own petard, when old Liza, taken in to die, finally walked out as housekeeper to Mr. Blaney—rich old admirer of Aggie McConaghy. But this play should either have ended twenty minutes earlier or gone on for twenty minutes longer.

There was some excellent acting, as we have come to expect from the Irish Players, particularly from Maire O'Neill as Mrs. McConaghy, and from Arthur Sinclair as her gentle, lovable husband. Patricia McNabb, too, made Aggie a real person.

I found some of the other accents a little disturbing—in one case, almost unintelligible—but then I have never lived in Belfast.

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Gold and Prices

Wanted—Foreign Trade Improvement

[By Our City Editor]

ACCORDING to that eminent interpreter of statistics, Sir Josiah Stamp, indications are that in certain industries the limits of domestic demand are being reached and we must look increasingly to a revival in foreign trade for a further advance in trade activity. Certainly the latest clearing bank figures bear out Sir Josiah Stamp's contention for banker's advances last month shrank by some £4,000,000, while there was a return of £8,000,000 into investment holdings showing a poor trade demand for banking accommodation.

Almost every industrial concern reports a most satisfactory increase in home demands, and we may take it that this is the natural result of the change in our fiscal policy, but the recovery in international trade is going to be a slow business and can only come about gradually with the restoration of confidence as Governmental interference ceases, particularly in regard to drastic changes in monetary policy.

At the moment prices in U.S.A. have failed to respond to the devaluation of the dollar as rapidly as Congress would desire and the further devaluation of American currency by nearly 10 per cent. will be urged by a large political section. While such uncertainties exist confidence will not, and confidence is the main factor in international trade. Again, in Germany we have the ridiculous position of a mark nominally at a premium over sterling while German trade abroad is being artificially supported by the use of all kinds of "blocked" depreciated marks, the German Government adopting every device meanwhile for the avoidance of her debts abroad while practising a programme of grand-scale inflation at home. Such conditions as these must be left to settle themselves before there can be any revival of international trade, the only means of restoring real world prosperity.

The Price of Gold

Amid the uncertainties attaching to processes of price-raising, the one certainty appears to be a higher price for gold in terms of currencies. During the past week buyers have paid a premium of 4½d. per ounce fine over the American shipping parity price for gold for the pleasure of purchasing the metal presumably for hoarding purposes, Exchange "hedging," or with the object of selling

it again later at a profit. To adapt a well-known phrase, "You can be sure of gold," and it is no wonder that gold-mining shares have been such a strong market.

Much of the buying has been for the dividends declared this month, some of the investment trusts using them as a means of improving their revenue position, which has suffered as the result of lower returns on fixed interest stocks and default upon foreign bonds and railway stocks.

The price of gold is gradually climbing again to the £7 an ounce level and gold mines with a gross return of 8 per cent. or so still look as attractive as any other section of the market. East Rand Proprietary at 47s. have not responded to the recent rise as might have been expected and with West Rands, at 34s., appear to offer income and capital attractions.

"Shell" Results

The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company reports profits for 1933 of £2,790,969 compared with £2,705,048 for 1932 and the dividend is the same as for the past two years, namely, 7½ per cent. free of tax. The Shell Transport is a holding company and its profits are derived from dividends and interest received from investments in subsidiaries, as that the increase in profits over the past year may not necessarily mean that the industry is experiencing better conditions. But a note of hope is given by the directors in the statement that the decrease in consumption in petroleum profits all over the world has been arrested and there is now noticeably increased consumption in many countries.

World production in 1933 is stated at 196,694,227 metric tons against 179,905,200 tons in 1932; production of the Royal-Dutch-Shell group being 21,957,392 tons against 20,986,330 in 1932. Illegal production is, the report of the "Shell" company states, still available in the U.S.A. in substantial quantities and control is not yet sufficiently effective to result in stabilisation in the industry.

The balance sheet, however, with an increase of about £4,000,000 in holdings in and advances to subsidiary companies and a corresponding reduction in Government and other securities, suggests some increase in the requirements of the "Shell" group to finance greater activity. Shell shares at

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed £45,378,000. Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

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their present price yield about £3 2s. per cent. tax free, by no means a poor return when it is remembered that the 7½ per cent. dividend has been paid through the depths of the depression which effected the oil industry no less than any other.

Telephone Rentals

Telephone Rentals Ltd. which took over from the Telephone Manufacturing Company certain private telephone investments, made a net profit last year of £59,528 against £58,147 in the previous year and the directors were able to increase the dividend to 7½ per cent., as against 7 per cent. in 1932-33, while placing £10,000 to reserve. Mr. Frederick Jackson, the Chairman, reported at the meeting of the company this week that the rental revenue increased during the year by 10.5 per cent. and he mentioned that the group of companies headed by Telephone Rentals Ltd. distributed some £190,000 annually in wages, giving some idea of the important position held in the industry by the group.

The capital of the company is now to be increased by the creation of 800,000 new 5s. shares making a total authorised capital of £800,000.

COMPANY MEETING

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

Satisfactory Progress of Subsidiary Companies

The Fifth Annual General Meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on Monday last at Southern House, London, E.C.

Mr. Fred. T. Jackson (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said that the progress made by the subsidiary companies during the past year had been very satisfactory. The total reserves, for depreciation and other purposes, in the accounts of the subsidiaries amounted to £435,879. The rental revenue had been increased during the year by 10.5 per cent., as compared with a 4 per cent. increase in 1932.

The financial position of the British subsidiaries was very satisfactory, and, although an increased business had been done, in no instance were these companies indebted to their bankers, neither had they any prior charges.

The extensive service campaign entered into two years ago, which involved the renewal of a large number of installations, had been completed, with the result that considerable benefit would accrue during 1934 and subsequent years.

The Australian subsidiary had had a successful year, but no portion of the profits had been remitted to this country, as they were required for further development in Australia.

The profits earned by the British and Australian subsidiaries amounted to £81,397, and there had been distributed to the parent company by way of dividends £65,189. The directors had transferred £10,000 to general reserve, making this £70,000, and recommended the payment of a final dividend of 4 per cent., making the total dividend for the year 7½ per cent., leaving £14,186 to be carried forward to next year.

As a matter of interest Mr. Jackson mentioned that the total amount distributed in wages by the group of companies of which Telephone Rentals Limited was the principal member, amounted to over £190,000 per annum, which indicated the importance of the position held by the company in the telephone industry.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Interest in Dog Breeding

By A. Croxton Smith

SOME of my friends marvel that so many thousands of men and women should be absorbed in dog breeding and showing. There must be some reason to account for the interest that exists and explain how it is that the ranks are being augmented daily. The striking feature is that the sport appeals to people in all grades of society. One of my earliest doggy friends was a Fellow of All Souls, a man of culture and literary attainments. He once quoted to me a line from Samuel Rogers' poem on "Human Life" about a wife "Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing." That was what his terriers did for him, he said. The dogs take our minds off worries, provide us with interest for our leisure, and give enough exercise for our brains to prevent us stagnating.

It is an art and not a science. Science presupposes exact knowledge and works on ascertained facts. Art is the exertion of human skill. In attempting to improve on nature by careful selection we are working with forces that play us strange tricks. The law of heredity that we seek to master cannot be controlled in a haphazard manner, but has to be guided by human brains, yet it is not always those best equipped with scholarship who succeed, and money is of no use unless it is expended wisely. It is one's powers of observation that count, and the working man often has them more fully developed than those of superior education.

The mistake made by the majority of beginners is in assuming that by the mating of two champions dogs of equal merit can be produced. They learn in time, if they have any sense, that this is a fallacy, that though the old axiom about like begetting like has a rough application it is not precise enough to help us in our object of breeding champions. They come to understand that there are strains within a breed, some of which, if used together, are likely to give good results, while others will be a failure. Science can come to our aid here by explaining the reasons of these phenomena, but it can never tell us how to choose two parents that will effect our object.

Each individual inherits the factors for certain features. If we are lucky enough to discover two that carry those factors, success is within our grasp. That is why we have to study pedigrees with so much care, and ascertain the points of the individuals in those family trees for several generations back. In time we shall become convinced of the value of cumulative excellence. We must be able to read some meaning into a pedigree without being deluded by a lot of high-sounding names that may be excellent individually but worthless in combination. Most breeders resort to inbreeding or the more remote line-breeding with the object of accentuating the desirable features of a particular strain. Unless this is done intelligently, however, it is worse than a delusion and a snare, simply because constitutional weakness or indifferent characters may be perpetuated as emphatically as the others.

Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

I ALWAYS derive great pleasure from seeing the B.B.C. go all "whimsy-whamsy," not that these occasions are particularly frequent, but when they do come they are cases in an arid waste of pomposity. The latest example of that puckerishness which we have grown to love so much is a programme announcement which runs:—

21.15 (9.15) "What the Fairies Know"

A Midsummer Eve Phantasy.

There follows an editorial comment which informs us that Colonel Brand is going to tell us all about why the draw is seeded at Wimbledon, and so forth. If the Fairies know all about the Wimbledon seeding business I cannot think why the B.B.C. has gone to the trouble of obtaining the services of Colonel Brand—who certainly does know—to teach his fairy godmothers to suck eggs.

I am rather interested in these Fairies; in fact, if they are as knowing as all that, I should like to get some of them at the bottom of my garden and ask them a few questions.

Perhaps if I were to provide them with a tankard of dewdrops apiece they would tell me why at 8.55 p.m., on Sundays seven separate and distinct religious services are broadcast on different wavelengths simultaneously. I should be able to tell them that it is not because the B.B.C. thinks it is wicked to have an alternative programme to a religious service, for the simple reason that the service from Westminster Abbey on Thursday afternoons is balanced on the other wavelength by a recital of gramophone records. I know the B.B.C. has done a great deal for religion, but I have never been able to follow the intricacies of its policy in the matter.

Having replenished the teeny-weeny fairy tankards, I should demand to be told why, when there

is an admitted dearth of material for the drama and light entertainment departments, authors who do send in manuscripts have to wait two or three months before they receive so much as an acknowledgment from the responsible officials.

I should offer to introduce to my little elfin friends authors whose manuscripts have been held in abeyance for months at a time and who have been informed at the end of a long period of waiting that their play, or whatever it may be, is not up to standard. Not up to standard! Ye Gods! In the unlikely event of a manuscript being accepted, payment is almost invariably deferred for a further period of months. So much I know, even if the Fairies do not.

It would also be interesting to discover why it is considered necessary to have eight and nine three hour rehearsals for a one hour broadcast play. Is it because the actors are incompetent or because the producers are? If the Fairies know the answer to that question I think they would be afraid to tell me. I have no hesitation in saying that, if the producer had the forethought to take his sound effect rehearsals separately, there is not the slightest necessity for the cast to attend more than four rehearsals provided they are competent artists. So much time is wasted in knob-twiddling and giving unnecessary advice and instruction to people who have forgotten more than the producer is ever likely to know, that actors find they have to give up an entire week for one hour's broadcast and a few guineas.

But by now my questions would be wafted away on the breeze, for the Fairies would be curled up fast asleep amid the petals of my bluebells. They would not even bother their pretty heads about seeding the draw at Wimbledon.

The Saturday Review

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